



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



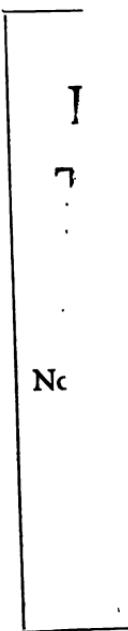
3 3433 07606982 6

Jeanne Murray Grimm

Clara B. Daughlin

1. O.K.

2. Fiction, American.



P h, b

NB



JEANNE-MARIE'S TRIUMPH

BY CLARA E. LAUGHLIN

JEANNE-MARIE'S TRIUMPH

Illustrated, cloth..... \$1.25

FOCH THE MAN

Illustrated, cloth..... \$1.25

WHEN MY SHIP COMES HOME

Decorated and Illustrated by Samuel M. Palmer.
16mo, cloth..... \$1.00

**REMINISCENCES OF JAMES WHITCOMB
RILEY**

Illustrated, boards..... \$.75

EVERYBODY'S LONESOME

A True Fairy Story. Illustrated, decorated,
boards..... \$1.00

EVERYBODY'S BIRTHRIGHT

A Vision of Jeanne d'Arc. Illustrated, deco-
rated boards..... \$1.00

THE PENNY PHILANTHROPIST

12mo, cloth..... \$1.00

WHEN JOY BEGINS

A study of a Woman's Life. 12mo, half vel-
lum..... \$.50

THE EVOLUTION OF A GIRL'S IDEAL

16mo, decorated boards..... \$.50

Jeanne-Marie's Triumph

By

CLARA E. LAUGHLIN

*Author of "Everybody's Lonesome," "Evolution
of a Girl's Ideal," "Foch: The Man,"
"Reminiscences of James Whitcomb
Riley," "Divided," etc.*



New York Chicago
Fleming H. Revell Company
London and Edinburgh
24 MARCH
1918

Copyright, 1922, by
FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY

92765B 813

L 36

New York: 158 Fifth Avenue
Chicago: 17 North Wabash Ave.
London: 21 Paternoster Square
Edinburgh: 75 Princes Street

To
*Richard Gilder Cholmeley-Jones,
Ever-Living,
Who Gave His Utmost.*

40 X 1370

Contents

I. THE LITTLE SHOP IN THE PALACE GARDENS	9
II. THE TEMPTER COMES TO THE GARDEN—	16
III. AND THE GARDENS MUST BE LEFT BEHIND	26
IV. DEAD AT VERDUN!	36
V. JEANNE-MARIE'S QUEST	47
VI. LUCIEN THINKS HE KNOWS	55
VII. A MARSHAL OF FRANCE AND JEANNE-MARIE	63
VIII. JEANNE-MARIE FINDS HER FATHER	69
IX. "WHAT ARE WE DOING WITH THE VICTORY?"	77
X. JEANNE-MARIE MEETS THE ENEMY	85

CONTENTS

XI. "WE FIGHTING MEN CANNOT MAKE PEACE"	93
XII. THERE ARE NO DEAD!	102
XIII. THE MAN IN RUE VIVIENNE— AND HIS "BUDDY"	110
XIV. "WHAT'S WON CANNOT BE WEIGHED YET"	118
XV. "DEATH GIVES PEOPLE TO US" .	124
XVI. A WOMAN IN MOURNING	134
XVII. LUCIEN SEES—AT LAST	142
XVIII. JEANNE-MARIE LIVES ON	152

I

THE LITTLE SHOP IN THE PALACE
GARDENS

IT was her father who had taught Jeanne-Marie to think of her memory as a picture-gallery; "like the Louvre," he said—Jeanne-Marie was born in the very shadow of the Louvre—"only better, in some respects." And then he and she vied with each other in naming those respects: like, not closing at four or five; and not being cold in winter; and not being dark on dark days, and shut on Mondays; and not making one's feet ache.

When Mona Lisa was stolen from the great gallery across the way, and all the world mourned, Jeanne-Marie went with her father to look at the place where the immortal smile had been.

"My gallery's better," she said, as they came out into the sun-drenched place du Car-

'JEANNE-MARIE'S TRIUMPH

rousel with its illimitable vistas under the vast expanse of sky ; " nobody can steal her from my gallery."

And then, it being Sunday, she and her father went on one of their favourite strolls, across the pont du Carrousel on its westward side, so they could look toward the Pont-Royal which Jean Landrillon loved with a passion only some men can give to an inanimate thing.

From the time Jeanne-Marie was an infant he had brought her here and tried to make her share his delight in the incomparable beauty of those five arches and their reflection in the river flowing placidly beneath them ; directed her admiration toward the glories of the far-flung sky pierced with towers of many sorts and many uses and many memories. Sometimes they would stay so long on the pont or on the quai, looking at the sky or over at the Louvre, or past the pepper-pot towers of the Conciergerie to the squat, square towers of Notre-Dame, or westward toward the Trocadéro, that they got no further on their walk.

THE LITTLE SHOP

Other times, they'd stroll on and on, out past St. Germain-des-Prés and St. Sulpice, to the Luxembourg gardens; or out the Champs-Élysées to the Arc de Triomphe and then perhaps by tram to the Bois.

Jean Landrillon knew no other city than Paris, nor cared to know one; a single span of life being all too brief for Paris, he was wont to contend. But he was sure there was nothing like her in the world—and he was right.

He taught Jeanne-Marie that to live where one has only to open one's eyes to behold the most beautiful pictures, to be reminded of the most fascinating stories and the most interesting people the world has ever known, was to be indeed a darling of the gods. And every time they adventured forth together, he sought to communicate to her more and more of his passion for the heart of France, the soul of beauty, that beats in Paris—to hang more pictures in her gallery, they said.

Nor did they leave the gorgeously-illustrated

JEANNE-MARIE'S TRIUMPH

story-book of Paris behind them when they went home. They lived in the very heart of it all, in the Palais-Royal gardens, where, first, the wealth and fashion of the profligate society of the Regency and of Louis XV had flaunted themselves; then, the cafés around the gardens became favoured rendezvous for denunciators of that profligacy, for pamphleteers and orators of republicanism; and there Camille Desmoulin, whose statue Jeanne-Marie had played around since she was a little girl, ignited the long-laid fuse that fired the French Revolution.

The long, long rectangle of green with its arcades of shops on three sides, its rows of clipped and trimmed trees, its wealth of flowers, its flashing fountain, its gleaming statues, its playing children and dozing elders and mothers mending and young shop girls crocheting lace, was the only home background Jeanne-Marie had ever known.

Her father sold plaster casts and other things—mostly of the souvenir sort—related to the history of the Palais-Royal and especially to

THE LITTLE SHOP

the French Revolutionary part of it. He had little gray-plaster models in miniature of the Bastille; and penholders formed like the pikes that were used by some of the mob which demolished the Bastille—those pikes that stand, now, in the Musée Carnavalet; and small replicas of the Desmoulins statue, outside; and pictures of Charlotte Corday, who bought in a shop of the Palais-Royal the knife wherewith she rid France of Marat; and pictures of the royal family in prison, and of the king and the queen on the scaffold, and of the little lost dauphin whose story was Jeanne-Marie's favourite; and so on. Everything in the dark little shop had a story to it. And the people who came to buy were strange people, hardly any of them French, who carried red-bound books and looked in them even more than they looked at the gardens. Sometimes there was a man with a group of these visitors, a man who told them what they were seeing, so they wouldn't have to look in the red books all the time. If Jeanne-Marie had been able to under-

JEANNE-MARIE'S TRIUMPH

stand English, she would have been very much surprised at some of the things these guides told their patrons; and if she had been able to understand German, she would have been more than surprised. Always, the people interested her; because she knew how anxious her father was that they should come to his shop and buy souvenirs.

Jeanne-Marie was in the shop a great deal. She had made her debut there at a very early age—when she was two or three days old, and her radiantly proud father brought her, wrapped in blankets, to show friends calling with congratulations. Soon thereafter, Jeanne-Marie in her baby-carriage, which was also her crib, became a regular occupant of the store. Her parents had two rooms upstairs, on the second floor above the shop; but their waking lives were spent in the shop and in the room behind it that was kitchen and dining-room and sitting-room, as well as Jeanne-Marie's nursery.

Madame Landrillon's housekeeping cares were not heavy and her maternal cares were

THE LITTLE SHOP.

even lighter because Jean was so eager to have the baby with him, to watch her and teach her and play with her.

So, Jeanne-Marie grew up in the dim little shop and the dimmer little room behind it, and in the great sunny garden spaces where so many children played—sailing their gay little boats in the wide basin of the fountain, shooting marbles in the gravelly paths, and carrying on doll housekeeping and “let’s pretend” in corners beside the iron railing that separates the arcades from the gardens.

As the happy years went by, another and another baby came to lie or sit in smiling state in the crib-carriage that had been Jeanne-Marie’s; but though her father seemed always to have a special joy in the youngest, nothing in his life was ever quite like Jeanne-Marie. She was, as it turned out, the child not of his flesh alone but of his spirit; the companionship between them was of the sort that waives disparity in years; they were souls-attuned.

II

THE TEMPTER COMES TO THE GARDEN

J EAN LANDRILLON was a man who looked like thousands of other Frenchmen, a man of the type probably the commonest in France: dark-eyed, dark-haired, dark-moustached; cheek bones a little high, nose straight and clean-cut, ears rather small; in stature of medium tallness and build neither robust nor delicate. He was soft-speaking, somewhat slow-moving, and carried in his every tone and gesture that gentleness which was mistaken for flabbiness by many persons who believed themselves astute. He had been an ardent lover and was an excellent husband. He was keenly interested in his little shop and had probably never thought of having a larger one—only of having this one better. He liked to work. He enjoyed his food. He delighted

THE TEMPTER COMES

in the theatre—not only the Théâtre Français, housed in one corner of the Palais-Royal, but also (at times) in the very Frenchy farces at the Théâtre du Palais-Royal in another corner of the building. He read his journals eagerly, discussed public affairs warmly, had an opinion on almost everything from France's foreign policy to the latest eccentricity in women's skirts; seldom agreed with anyone, but was not troubled by the notion that agreement is the one measure of pleasantness; loved outdoor enjoyment (not sports, but being outdoors with his family); was unutterably contented in his domestic life; adored his children; could think of Paradise only as a possible continuation of Paris; and did not know yet what his religion was. That was to be disclosed to him later.

He was humbly born—his father had been a concierge—and not educated beyond ordinary schooling, except by reading and as one must be educated who roams Paris questioningly. A little shop-keeper he was, a petty bourgeois,

with a delicate appreciation of the best things in life and no feeling that he lacked any of them.

Three doors away was the shop of Antoine Brunot—a jeweler—not one of the splendid jewelers who used to be at the Palais-Royal; for they have all moved to the rue de la Paix and thereabouts; but a substantial enough little merchant whose volume of business was several times that of Jean Landrillon, so that he was rather a grandee of the quiet arcades which the gay and spending world no longer frequents. But Madame Brunot, like Madame Landrillon, was much in her husband's shop; her home, upstairs, was larger and a little more pretentious, but only by such things as a phonograph, and a femme-de-ménage who came Monday and Thursday mornings to clean the rooms. The two families were more than friendly neighbors; they even went on Sunday outings together, and were asked to each other's anniversary celebrations. Likewise, the four parents winked and nodded and smiled when

THE TEMPTER COMES

Jeanne-Marie and Lucien Brunot said they were going to get married, some day, and have a lot of little boys and girls and keep a shop in the Palais-Royal. Later, when Lucien was doing his military service, he was not so sure about the shop though he seemed just as sure about Jeanne-Marie. However, Jean Landrillon was a careful man and his wife was a marvellous manager ; they had that in the bank which would enable Jeanne-Marie to become a partner of Lucien's even if he insisted on making quite an ambitious start.

So Jeanne-Marie, very happy in her present, very happy in her prospects, helped her mother in the simple home duties and with the younger children, and her father in the store, and made quantities of lace for pillow-slips, and wrote shy little answers to Lucien's rather swaggering letters from his *caserne* at Nancy.

It was a simple Paradise, but sufficient.

Then Diedrich came.

He had a little red book in his hand, and was looking up at the stirring statue of Camille

'JEANNE-MARIE'S TRIUMPH

Desmoulins, when Jeanne-Marie first saw him; she had been marketing, and her string bag was full of lettuces, carrots, and other homely fare. A few minutes later he was in their shop, talking in a Rhenish French to her father. Jeanne-Marie and her mother, cooking the noonday dinner, could hear what he was saying:

“. . . the great-great-grandson of Diedrich, mayor of Strasbourg, in whose home Rouget-de-Lisle first sang the *Marseillaise* . . .” and so on; “uncommonly interested, naturally, in this place”; “never been to Paris before”; and what were the principal landmarks of the French Revolution that a specially interested tourist ought to see?

Jean Landrillon told him explicitly, as he always did when persons sought information, and also enthusiastically, because he loved to expatiate on this subject to one who showed special interest in it.

Diedrich bought a number of souvenirs; and they talked of “the rape of seventy-one,” and of the mourning on the Strasbourg statue in

THE TEMPTER COMES

the place de la Concorde—where the guillotine had stood!—and Diedrich suggested that a day might come when the mourning should be torn off and garlands of rejoicing hung in its stead.

Jean Landrillon shook his head. It could come only through war, he said; and he didn't think France would go to war, *should* go to war, even to regain her stolen daughters.

“ You are, perhaps, a Socialist? ” Diedrich ventured, his tone, his manner, betraying no hint of the answer he desired.

No; Jean Landrillon was not a Socialist; he was an individualist; he believed the French Republic was as good a form of government as there could be; no, he didn't think it was unduly capitalistic; and, no, he didn't fear that radicalism was undermining it.

Diedrich, it seemed, was not so sanguine.

Meanwhile, the dinner was ready, and Jeanne-Marie and her mother, and Blanche (who was seven) and Pol (who was ten) sat down to it around the small table spread with a coarse cloth of white heavily patterned in red.

JEANNE-MARIE'S TRIUMPH

There was a steaming ragoût of meat and vegetables, very savory; and a big white stone-ware bowl of lettuce salad; and a huge loaf of bread; and two large bottles of ordinary red wine. Wholesome fare and abundant; and eaten with a hearty relish.

Before they were through, Jean Landrillon joined them.

“Did you listen?” he asked. He knew they could hear if they wanted to.

Yes; they had heard. At least, Jeanne-Marie and her mother had followed most of the talk in the shop. The children were not interested in it.

“He has asked me to take him about this afternoon,” Jean said, “and show him where the Bastille stood, and where the Temple, and the Tuilleries, and also the guillotine. He wants to see Robespierre’s lodging, and where Desmoulins lived, and Danton; and where the Jacobins met, and the Cordeliers.”

“He can find all those places if he reads his red book,” Jeanne-Marie declared.

THE TEMPTER COMES

“But he is strange in our Paris, and he has offered to pay me for my time,” her father answered.

Diedrich did more: he urged upon Jean that he should add greatly to his stock of souvenirs. “Interest in our Revolution is growing greatly,” he said. “The world is feeling as France did in the 18th century. History will repeat itself. Many nations are looking to us for their example. What we did, they will do. I tell you, my friend, every one of these—” and he indicated the little gray plaster models of the Bastille, the pen-holders that were like pikes—“must be an oration for the rights of man, when it has gone back to some home in Russia or Hungary or elsewhere, as a souvenir of somebody’s travels to Paris; to countless men these little objects must be constant reminders, saying: ‘What they did, we can do!’ ”

“If,” murmured Jean Landrillon ruminatively, “they could win what we won—those other peoples—without repeating our terrible mistakes, our crimes——”

JEANNE-MARIE'S TRIUMPH

“ You mean a bloodless revolution? ”

“ Why not? ”

“ Ah, well! If you believe it could be done, then—more than ever—should you make this business of yours not just a business, but an—education. Multiply these things—”

“ I sell all I can. I buy all the kinds I know.”

“ You sell all you can *here*, waiting for the tourist to wander in; you buy all the kinds that are made for anyone to sell. Why not make souvenirs, and sell them in many places? I can tell you! ”

And so they talked.

Diedrich was a man in the early thirties, who carried the traces of that German army training he had been forced to take. He looked as Teutonic as a Wurtemburger colonel, and had as much of the click and snap about him as an officer of the Death's Head Hussars; he deprecated this, to Landrillon, but was sure the latter understood. “ My parents could not bear to leave Alsace—nor to send their sons into

THE TEMPTER COMES

exile; so we were taken—with the rest—and put through the mill."

Jean nodded comprehendingly. His father had fought the Prussians. Jean knew they were harsh victors, but he himself had no special rancor against them. He had, like millions of other Frenchmen, small concern—either of enmity or of envy—with the world outside France. His universe lay between Suresnes and Charenton, and it was enough for him.

But he enjoyed business, and he specially enjoyed his business. The idea of increasing it appealed to him. The idea of more money in the bank appealed to him. The idea of a phonograph and a femme-de-ménage appealed to him. The Brunots need not feel that their Lucien could, perhaps, have done better.

III

AND THE GARDENS MUST BE LEFT BEHIND

DIEDRICH seemed to have excellent ideas. He stayed on and on in Paris.

He had a room in a very modest hotel in the rue Ste. Anne, and he spent much time at the Palais-Royal. Sometimes he hung about Desmoulins' statue and listened to what the people said when they had looked in their little red books. When he could, he mingled with them and directed them, without seeming to, to the shop of Landrillon.

Business did indeed increase. Jean was persuaded that it could be increased much further if he made a further investment in it. To make this, meant taking part of that which was laid away to ensure the children's future; but Jean was sure he could pay it back and increase it many fold. His wife was not sure; she de-

THE GARDENS LEFT BEHIND

murred, a little, but at last she yielded. It may have been something ever so slight in Madame Brunot's manner, that stung her into concurrence with the plan.

At first, sales were so good that Jean was easily persuaded to reach after more than a retailer's profit—to order large lots, and engage another salesman besides Diedrich to go with them not only through Paris shops, but far afield.

There was a short season when M. Brunot's tone took on a new note of respectful admiration when he spoke to Landrillon, and Madame Brunot no longer mentioned her phonograph—because the Landrillons had one too. And all the Palais-Royal spoke of Jean as one who showed that "big business" could still be done there.

Then came anxious days. Orders were not coming in. Expenses were running high. There were obligations to be met. More of the money that had gone so slowly into the bank had to come out in considerable sums.

JEANNE-MARIE'S TRIUMPH

Such tragedies move quickly when they get under way; everything seems to contribute to them, nothing to halt their course.

In the world of affairs, even the small world of Paris shopkeepers, it was nothing: Jean Landrillon, a petty merchant in the obsolete Palais-Royal, had over-reached himself; that was all.

But in Jeanne-Marie's world, it was like the collapse of everything. The shop in the Palais-Royal was closed—Jean Landrillon was a bankrupt—business was gone, bank savings were gone; the Landrillon family must leave their dear familiar Paradise of pleasantness and security, and fare forth into a world they knew not save as an excursion ground. For Jeanne-Marie it could hardly be otherwise than that romance was gone, too. The Brunots took it for granted that Lucien must look elsewhere. The Landrillons dared not hope otherwise.

But Lucien was an “advanced” young man; he questioned the traditions of his forefathers, instead of accepting them meekly. He even pre-

THE GARDENS LEFT BEHIND

sumed to question religion, and to reject such of it as his experience of life did not corroborate.

He liked Jeanne-Marie very much; he believed that some day he was going to be quite passionately in love with her. He was not yet ready to marry, anyway—his soldiering was not quite done, and he had no definite plans about his business, except that he was sure he did not wish to be a jeweler in the Palais-Royal—so why should he relinquish the one thing in his future that he had always been decided on, just because Jeanne-Marie's father had overreached himself?

To this radicalism, which savoured almost of impiety, his parents replied by reminding him that marriage is a partnership formed for the purpose of founding a family, setting up a home, carrying on the traditions of one's race and kind. How could a woman who came empty-handed into such a partnership maintain her self-respect, discharge her proper obligations?

Lucien didn't know, but he had heard that

JEANNE-MARIE'S TRIUMPH

it is done elsewhere—in those United States, for instance, where it seemed that everybody was fabulously prosperous.

“But in the United States,” Lucien’s parents, shocked, hastened to remind him, “there is no respect for the home, for the family. People marry with less thought than we take to buy a new necktie—and unmarry with less hesitation than we have in discarding an old pair of gloves. They have no traditions. They are all mushrooms—springing up individually, without a parent stem or any real relationship one to another. Do you want to be like that?”

Well, Lucien was not sure. He did not know any of those mushrooms, but he thought that perhaps before he was married and settled down, he would go over and see for himself the way they lived. And meantime, he would consider himself betrothed to Jeanne-Marie—hoping that before he was ready to marry, his parents would see the thing as he did.

This decision made a great sensation in their little world; and though everybody attributed

THE GARDENS LEFT BEHIND

it to Lucien's radicalism and not to anything in Jeanne-Marie which made her desirable with or without a *dot*, she had her own ecstatic consolation out of it in those otherwise dark days when she had to leave the only familiar backgrounds of her life and enter upon an existence as strange to her as if she had gone a great distance, instead of only just across the river.

Her responsibilities were considerable for a girl just sixteen, as Jeanne-Marie was in that summer of 1913; because Madame Landrillon was crushed by what seemed to her the unspeakable shame of bankruptcy. To have debts, and nothing in the bank, was the to-her insupportable calamity. She grieved herself sick; she scolded and upbraided; she threatened vengeance upon Diedrich.

In these trying circumstances, Jeanne-Marie's feelings for her father took on a maternal tenderness; she yearned over him, tried to shield him from stabs, and when she couldn't ward them off, salved his wounds with unstinted love and unwavering confidence.

JEANNE-MARIE'S TRIUMPH

It was her idea to seek for him the little stall on the quai Malaquais in front of the Beaux-Arts and not far from the Institut de France. There he could see, always, his beloved Pont-Royal, and thence he could watch the world go by and the days march across the vast expanse of sky from behind the towers of Notre-Dame to exit behind the Tour Eiffel in winter or the Arc de Triomphe in summer. She believed it would divert him to be in the midst of so much coming and going; and it did. He opened up the stall with the cheapest things he could buy in second hand books and prints relating to old Paris; but he specialized, and people soon came to know it. Also, he was ever ready to give information, and purchasers learned to seek it of him and to exchange it with him. More than half the time there was someone engaged with him in eager conversation about Paris in history, and the memorials of other days that still remain to evoke ten thousand stories. (If Scheherezade had known Paris, and the Sultan had liked to hear about it, her anguish must

THE GARDENS LEFT BEHIND

needs have been to compress within 1001 nights what a lifetime cannot suffice to tell.) At first, it was most likely to be the boys from the Beaux-Arts who stopped to discuss with him a "bit" they had discovered or to ask suggestions about "something to sketch that everybody hasn't done." Later, as the extent and interest of his stock in trade increased, it might even be a member of the Institute who paused to glance over his stall and to ask him if by any chance he happened to have this or that old book or pamphlet, then fell into conversation with him. Persons with the red books came by, too, but not in such preponderance as at the Palais-Royal, and with scarcely a glance at the stalls on the quai.

Jeanne-Marie was there with him a great deal, and little by little she, too, became known to a growing number as one with whom it was often profitable as well as pleasant to stop for a brief chat.

Their new rooms were in the rue Bonaparte, only a few steps from the quai; there were two

JEANNE-MARIE'S TRIUMPH

of them, and they were up four flights of stairs; but they were cheery because they were in the rear, and floods of afternoon sunshine came pouring into them across the Beaux-Arts gardens. They cost thirty francs a month. Madame Landrillon made lace and embroidered lingerie and in other ways eked out the income that must suffice for living and for paying debts and for re-establishing, in time, that bank balance without which it is so hard to be self-respecting; and Jeanne-Marie's hands were always busy, even when she sat at the stall to relieve her father or to keep him company. Lucien was still doing his army service but he wrote to Jeanne-Marie fairly often and told her not to worry about her lost *dot*. He felt very proud of his "advanced" ideas, did Lucien, and he liked to reiterate them.

Life was interesting for Jeanne-Marie, and she found it good. Each day the bond between her and her father seemed to become closer-knit. And when she dreamed of a future with Lucien (who really was quite a stranger to her,

THE GARDENS LEFT BEHIND

now, since their childhood days were left so far behind, and he was become a man of the world at twenty), she always thought of him as being like her father. She did not yearn for a very different life, as girls are wont to do when they look forward to marriage. Another comradeship such as that she had known—another shop looking out into the sunny gardens—continued rambles through old Paris, but with her own children holding to her hands—this was Romance to Jeanne-Marie.

IV.

DEAD AT VERDUN!

THEN came the days when the bottom dropped out of everybody's world.

Jean Landrillon went marching away to the gare de l'Est and parts unknown, on Sunday the second of August. Madame Landrillon, who had been ailing (mostly from fret) all winter and spring and early summer, had gone up to Senlis, thirty-some miles north of Paris, to spend a week or two with her mother, and soon after arriving had developed typhoid fever. So Jean had to go, leaving all the burdens on Jeanne-Marie's young shoulders.

It was she who, with white face resolutely set to hold the tears back, and shaking hands, helped him make his simple preparations for departure. It was she who marched beside him to the station, and held her head high for him to see that she was not afraid. It was she who

'DEAD AT VERDUN!'

walked back all the long way to the rue Bonaparte, holding Pol by one hand and Blanche by the other, and telling them they must not be afraid—there'd be no war when the Germans realized everyone was in earnest.

Madame Landrillon did not get back to Paris until mid-September, after the turning back of the invaders at the first battle of the Marne. And then—! The tales she had to tell! But one, especially:

“Down the street they came,” she said, “and the officers were choosing houses for their men to set on fire with their incendiary torches. They claimed they were ‘condemning’ those where there was sniping, or other resistance; but they weren’t—they were picking out those whose destruction they thought would hurt the most. I was at a window, and I saw them coming. And Diedrich was in command!”

“Yes,” Jeanne-Marie reminded her, “he told us he was of the German army. Did he see you?”

“He did. And he told his men to let our

JEANNE-MARIE'S TRIUMPH

house alone. 'If I had a gun, I'd shoot you,' I said to him. 'I know you would,' he answered; 'that's why I'm going to spare this house.' "

"What did he mean by that?" the children demanded.

Madame Landrillon was by no means sure.

The long agony dragged on and on. Madame Landrillon became a mail-carrier, at first, and later went into an airplane factory at Puteaux. Jeanne-Marie kept the stall, and employed her hands constantly while she tended it. Among the throngs of fighting men who passed through Paris, there were always some to whom her simpler stock appealed; and she was glad to serve, as she could, in directing the soldiers where to go and what to see. She had many opportunities to see the great folk, too, and to witness scores of history-making sights. Lucien, of course, was at the front. Jeanne-Marie was anxious about him, but not as she was about her father.

Jean Landrillon came home from time to

DEAD AT VERDUN!

time on a brief leave. He was very silent, and seemed to feel quite terribly strange in the old surroundings. On his breast hung several crosses. Pol fingered them proudly.

“They are nothing,” said Jean; “there is only one cross that means anything—it is of wood. They have it who have given their utmost.”

That was his last visit home. Two months later they learned that he had won the other cross, but whether he had it or not they did not know. He was among the unidentified dead at Verdun. Perhaps he lay somewhere in a grave marked “*soldat inconnu*”; perhaps he had no grave at all.

When they knew he would come no more, life—while its outer routine was practically unaltered—changed subtly for all of them, and differently for each. Madame Landrillon, obliged to relinquish forever her hope of restored comfort, regarded the future despairingly; all the rest of her way through a war-wrecked world must be a close-quarters fight with gaunt

necessity. The war, even if it won anything, which then seemed doubtful, had cost her and hers, she felt, far too dear. Pol, who was fifteen when his father died, was too young to feel that responsibility as head of the family had devolved on him, but old enough to realize that his prospects in life were much altered, and that he must, without preparation for it or hope of getting any, face the world on his own account. He was a good deal like his mother in disposition, and inclined to resent his fate. Blanche, who was twelve, had from the beginning of the war, been terribly oppressed by the physical suffering it involved; such mental agony as she could conceive was the outcome of physical agony. When her father, whom she idolized, was at the front, she was haunted day and night by thoughts of the hardships he was almost certainly suffering if alive and active, and by thoughts of the horrors he might be enduring if he were wounded. When she knew he was dead but could not know where he was buried, her overwrought imagination was quite

DEAD AT VERDUN!

constantly busy with harrowing suggestions about his end—and the fate of his dear corse. Everyone who walked through Paris streets following a coffin containing precious remains, everyone who had in the remotest soldier-cemetery a marked grave to which her thoughts could turn, was subject of this child's passionate envy.

Then there was Jeanne-Marie who was twenty when the word came which suddenly stripped her world of so much that made it worth living in. She had felt that she knew very well the Jean Landrillon with whom she had lived in the Palais-Royal, in the memory-thronged streets of old Paris, at the stall on the quai; who had marched away to the gare de l'Est and entrained for parts unknown. The Jean Landrillon who had come home from time to time, she had not felt she knew at all. There seemed to be so much in him that he had newly discovered in himself and that he could not talk about because it awed him. Jeanne-Marie felt that some day, when they had

JEANNE-MARIE'S TRIUMPH

awakened from this nightmare that the war was, and the recollection of it had grown, mercifully, a little dim, he would tell her what it was in him which made him seem so different. When she knew he would not come back, her most intense grief was that he had gone without revealing himself to her; that he had left her behind not physically alone, but spiritually—left her unable to follow him with her comprehending.

She seemed to herself to be always reaching out toward him, to draw him back, if only in memory, to their old comradeship; but either she could not catch up with him, or when she had lured him back, briefly, he was not as he had been—was strange, and she hardly knew him. If he had been strangely *exalté*, she could have understood. But he wasn't; he was sad, immeasurably sad.

This heart-breaking impression Jeanne-Marie kept to herself, determinedly. If she had told her mother, Madame Landrillon would have said that Jean was worried about his family,

'DEAD AT VERDUN!'

about the poverty in which he had left them. Jeanne-Marie knew it was not that; she could not say how she knew, but she was confident. If she had said anything to Blanche, in the sad nights when they clung to each other, silently, in their bed that was not three feet from their mother's, the morbidly harrowed child would have felt sure that her father was still sad because he had suffered and seen such agony. But Jeanne-Marie knew it was not that, either.

There was no trace of the supernatural in her quest for him, her overtaking of him for a few fleet moments; she was doing merely the thing that all bereaved hearts do: trying to re-create companionship by living in memories; to escape the terribly empty world that was, and to dwell again in the beautiful world-that-used-to-be. She would stand, sometimes, on the pont du Carrousel, looking toward the Pont-Royal and the reflection of its five arches in the water, and past it to the flaming western skies where the day went, when it was done, into apocalyptic glories; and there she would

JEANNE-MARIE'S TRIUMPH

try to feel him again beside her as he had so very often been, directing her attention to the beauties near them and to the radiance that was beyond the western gates. He had usually been serious, those other times; but he was never *triste*. Now, when she saw, in memory, his face again turned toward those skies, it was a face as sad as that of Christ in some of the great pictures of the crucifixion.

Then, if she could, Jeanne-Marie would cross the river and go into the gardens of the Palais-Royal, in search of her earliest and faithfulest playfellow. If there were children now about the basin, sailing their tiny boats across its uncharted seas, there were no proud papas with them; and as she tried to comfort herself with the reminder that her own childhood had been so much happier than theirs who were children in these dreadful years, the father who came back to sail folded paper boats with her, to weight them with cargoes of littlest pebbles from the gravel walk, was not that Jean Landrillon who had been a child with her

DEAD AT VERDUN!

as well as a parent, but another, who looked at her out of dark eyes which foresaw the infinite woe about to engulf the world.

Up and down the gallery of her memories, Jeanne-Marie went seeking the proud and tender smile that used to irradiate almost every picture. It was not there. Something had invaded her gallery, had violated it; some ruthless hand had painted out the smile, in every picture, and painted in a look presaging sorrow unspeakable. Even the cherished past, it seemed, is not inviolable.

Paris was full of black-clad women; almost everyone, Jeanne-Marie thought, was clothed in the garments of woe. She ventured sometimes to talk with some of those she knew, seeking to learn if they also felt that sadness not of their own hearts alone but of the soul which had gone on. Many of them did. Others declared themselves upheld by conviction that their soldier in giving his life had made it possible for millions of others to live more abundantly; and in this conviction they were *exalté*, as they

JEANNE-MARIE'S TRIUMPH

knew he had been. Some were resigned, and some were bitterly resentful, and some were stunned almost beyond sensibility, and groped their scarce-seeing way through a world they, no longer essayed to comprehend.

V

JEANNE-MARIE'S QUEST

SOMEHOW, a mocking semblance of life went on, and on. And Jeanne-Marie, like the others amongst whom she lived, did all she could to keep things going—not doggedly, either, but with as great devotion to lovelessness as the circumstances would allow.

This Paris which had been preserved from the barbarians, must continue to be the pride and delight of all civilization; and thereto everyone must contribute as he could. Hardly anyone formulated this religion, but nearly everyone exemplified it as by instinct.

Jeanne-Marie at her stall on the quai talked with countless soldiers and others who came and went in war service, directing them to sights they should see, supplying them (when they asked) with books and prints about old Paris. But her heart was ever on its quest,

JEANNE-MARIE'S TRIUMPH

even when Lucien came home on his brief holiday.

Lucien was strange, too ; but he was not sad. He was cynical. He doubted if the war would win anything for mankind—except debt and continued suffering. He was quite irreligious—not just unreligious, as Jean Landrillon had been when Jeanne-Marie knew him, but defiantly, boisterously derisive. “ If we manage to get anything good out of life,” he told Jeanne-Marie and anyone else who would listen to him, “ it is not because any Providence has sent it to us, but because we have grabbed it for ourselves.” He seemed bent upon showing how much pleasure a man could give himself in spite of that lack of providence which made it possible for him to be cast into the muck and mire of war and obliged to spend his youth there. And with a not dissimilar gusto from what he showed for wine and good food and gaiety, he made love to Jeanne-Marie.

“ We must be happy in spite of all we’ve been made to suffer,” he told her. “ We owe it to

JEANNE-MARIE'S QUEST

ourselves to seize every joy that we can lay hands upon."

This was what the war had wrought in Lucien. Jeanne-Marie tried to believe it, and couldn't; but nevertheless she found herself strangely beguiled by Lucien's way of looking at life. The old world was gone, all gone, even its memories; but if one must live on, it were best done with someone like Lucien who was determined to get what happiness he could out of the ruins and the chaos.

It was in August, 1917, during the French attack along the entire Verdun front, that Jean Landrillon died. And it was not a great while afterwards that Madame Landrillon, riding in the Metro, looked up at a French colonel standing in front of her, and saw that he was Diedrich. She was in heavy mourning and not easily distinguishable from thousands of other women in Paris; perhaps that was why Diedrich did not speak to her—and perhaps it wasn't. She tried to think what she should do, and while she was agitatedly considering sev-

JEANNE-MARIE'S TRIUMPH

eral courses, Diedrich got off, at the Châtelet station.

Madame Landrillon rose to follow him, but was too late in making her decision; he disappeared in the crowd on the station platform, the doors of the car closed, and the train started. Madame Landrillon dropped limply back into her seat.

When she told her story at home, there was a difference of opinion. Perhaps Diedrich had got himself taken prisoner, as some Alsatians did, and in that way got into the French army where he longed to be. But a colonel! And on his breast, Madame declared, were ribbons denoting many decorations.

It was decided that she should go to the Ministry of War and report the circumstance. After all, there were not so many hundreds of colonels that it should be difficult to learn if there was one named Diedrich. There was none of that name! So, then, she gave a description of him.

JEANNE-MARIE'S QUEST

The tormenting thing about such happenings was that one could seldom know their outcome. The War Office made no reports of its dealings with discovered spies.

That was a hard winter, but all its hardships seemed as nothing when Spring came on, bringing Big Bertha and the great German offensive before which the Allies fell back and back and back, until it seemed that nothing could save Paris, and that England was no less doomed.

Air raids, long range gun-fire, advancing enemy, fleeing civilians, the whole hideous business of war in its most desperate phase; yet life, affairs, in Paris went on with the most astounding appearance of usualness. On July 14th, the Parisians danced in the streets through which, in a few days, the German troops, now almost at the gates of Paris, might be marching, victorious.

Then the tide of battle turned, and in four months the war was over.

Jeanne-Marie rejoiced, albeit more soberly than many did. Tyranny had laid down its

JEANNE-MARIE'S TRIUMPH

arms, the roar of guns was silenced, blood had ceased to flow, peace was come to an unutterably weary world. Millions of men would go back to their homes, and to their work. That was something to be very, very thankful for; and doubtless those whom no power on earth could muster out of their eternal ranks, would not wish that their unreturning should make the price of peace seem too dear.

Jeanne-Marie knew that her father had given his utmost gladly. And she hoped that where he was, now, he had a great sense of recompense. Yet no comforting conviction of this came to her. He seemed still to evade her, as if he were afraid of her overtaking him and surprising in him something he wished that she might not know.

There were great comings and goings in Paris in those days that followed the armistice; and Jeanne-Marie at her stall on the quai was able to see them nearly all. Little men and big men who had made stupendous history, passed and re-passed her where she stood, an atom in

JEANNE-MARIE'S QUEST

the world that had been saved at so great cost. And she watched them humbly, least and greatest of them, hoping that out of the Golgotha of agony they had endured, a new gospel might come, a new era for mankind, a better day.

But, while the guns had ceased roaring, and the sirens no longer screamed in the dead o' nights, and war was declared over, there seemed not to be in its stead anything that even the most sanguine could call peace. And Jeanne-Marie was one of those who wondered as she waited.

Then came the gathering of the diplomats. The soldiers, the men of the sword, had somehow left things indecisive; the men of the council table must finish the task, it seemed; there would be no security, no rebuilding, no wonderful new day, until they had straightened out many tangles.

They wrangled long, and settled little, and dispersed; and the world was still very sad, life very difficult; while, as for Jeanne-Marie, she wondered more and more, but worked

'JEANNE-MARIE'S TRIUMPH

harder and harder. Her mother was in very poor health and low spirits. Blanche was a nervous wreck, unrecovered from the frightful strain of the raids and bombardments, and an expense as well as a worry to Jeanne-Marie. Pol was working in the packing room of the Magazin du Louvre, at small wages and with small prospects.

VI

LUCIEN THINKS HE KNOWS

MARRIAGE for Jeanne-Marie was not to be thought of; but, as it happened, Lucien was in no haste to wed. He was much occupied in affairs of which he did not talk a great deal to Jeanne-Marie, though he promised her, confidently, that things in general were going to be different, and better, very soon.

“It is hard,” he told her, “to understand how French people can be so stupid. Other people? Perhaps, yes. But not we, who know so much about human liberties. Of *course* the men of the peace conference can’t do anything! Wily, guil-y old politicians! Are they thinking of *our* happiness, our welfare, as they wrangle? Or are they playing for points, like gamblers? Matching their wits, one man’s against the others’, in a game of diplomacy, do they care

JEANNE-MARIE'S TRIUMPH

what we must suffer to pay for their over-reaching or for their stupidity? We should manage our own affairs, make our own terms—we who made it possible for democracy to continue."

Well, Jeanne-Marie believed that. But how was it to be done?

Lucien talked about "direct action" and other things which Jeanne-Marie knew were extreme, bordering on revolutionary. When she shook her head, he waxed more impassioned, if not more eloquent.

"You make me think of Camille," she said, meaning Desmoulins.

Lucien was flattered.

"I wish I had his power!" he cried, fervently.

"But you would use it—differently; wouldn't you?" she pleaded.

He knew what she meant, and he gloried in denying that he would refrain from inciting the people as Camille did.

They were walking in the Luxembourg gar-

LUCIEN THINKS HE KNOWS

dens; it was Sunday afternoon, in the summer of 1920.

Those broad alleys with their superb vistas, those shady paths where generations of children have played, lovers have plighted their faith, youth has dreamed dreams of greatness, and maturity has read and sewed and written letters, and age has dozed in the mellow sunshine flecking the earth at its feet, were haunted for Jeanne-Marie by scores of ghosts her father had taught her to find there; but by none more persistently and more poignantly than Camille Desmoulins and Lucile Duplessis. Lucile was a lovely child of thirteen, dark-eyed and sunny-haired, playing in those gardens under the watchful eye of her attractive mama, when Camille first knew her. He was an idle dreamer, shabby and ill-fed and full of bitterness against life; college-bred, crammed with classic lore (especially the scathing oratory of ancient Rome) but unable to make it serve him in the law courts. When he sat and watched Lucile he raged because he was not of her

JEANNE-MARIE'S TRIUMPH

world; because he was poor and homely and stuttered and the future seemed to hold nothing for him. It was in this bitterness that he wrote and talked to bring down the whole existing order of things like a blind and furious Samson pulling down the temple. Then, when he knew that Lucile loved him, and they were married (in St. Sulpice), and so happy that he said he was having his Heaven on earth, they lived hard by here and came often to the gardens—at first, by themselves; then with their little Horace. But the Revolution which Camille started, he could not stop. And it was from their little home close by that he was taken, on the night he had heard of his mother's death, and brought here to the Luxembourg and locked up in a cell looking out on the very places where he had watched Lucile playing, ten years before. From that cell he wrote her: "My blood will wash away my faults, my human weaknesses; and all the good that was in me, my virtues, my love of liberty, God will reward." "I shall see you again, some day," the

LUCIEN THINKS HE KNOWS

tear-drenched letter went on. But the writer had no prescience that in eight days Lucile would follow him to the scaffold, to pay with her blood for the fault of having loved him.

Jeanne-Marie, thinking of these things shook her head, as she walked by Lucien's side. She disliked his ideas of "making things right." Things were *not* right; she had to admit it. All the sacrifices of the war had not seemed to bring any nearer those better days for which everyone had hoped as he served and endured and died. The old world was not perfect but it was full of pleasantnesses which were gone from this new world, and nothing to compensate had come in their stead. Still, she did not like Lucien's talk about what people must do to secure their rights. Her soul shrank from any more clamour, any more upsetting, no matter what objective might be attained thereby.

"It is the only way," Lucien assured her. "Everything that men have ever won, they have had to take. Nothing is ever given to you. That's why we fought—that's what they

JEANNE-MARIE'S TRIUMPH

died for, the others who didn't come back: so that we might say what we want, and have it. Autocracy is crushed. Democracy has won the war. The people are triumphant—only they don't fully realize it; they are still letting a handful of diplomats play with the destinies of men as they would play at chess. The diplomats didn't win the war! *We* won it! We should say what we want out of it."

Jeanne-Marie could deny none of these statements. And yet she felt, passionately, that there was only trouble in them unless one could learn to look through them and beyond them to something else that didn't deny them, but capped them with a new meaning—with something bigger and finer and worthier.

"There's more to it than that!" she cried, earnestly. "I don't know what it is—but I know it's there. It's like something behind a veil. I can't see it clearly. But all the time, Lucien, as I stand by my stall and watch the world go by—as I walk the streets and look in people's faces—as I lie in bed at night and

LUCIEN THINKS HE KNOWS

think and think and think—I know there's something that ought to come to us out of all this that we've suffered, and it hasn't come—because we're blind and can't see, or deaf and can't hear, or dull and can't understand. I keep crying in my heart, always, always: 'What is it? Oh, what *is* it, that we are missing? that is waiting to come to us, and we won't let it come?' If I could only 'find' my father, I'm sure he'd tell me. But I can't find him."

This sort of talk made Lucien uncomfortable.

"You must get such ideas out of your head," he admonished, rather sharply. "All the people who play with such notions go mad."

So little did he know Jeanne-Marie! They had grown up together, and planned their future together since they were little children. Yet, like every other young egoist of all time, he had never conceived of her as a creature to be understood—had always taken for granted that she would seek to understand him, and to be what he desired. Even more

JEANNE-MARIE'S TRIUMPH

than most of his sort he expected this from Jeanne-Marie.

Because, was he not thinking of taking her empty-handed? Would not gratitude make her doubly anxious to please him?

Lucien was rather short and stocky and fair. His blue eyes were large, and his lashes were long and curling, and his small mustache was beautifully blonde. In his Sunday clothes he did not look like anything much but a lady-killer; but he had been a fierce fighter, had been cited many times, and had a formidable array of medals given for valour.

Jeanne-Marie had been immensely proud of him in his uniform, with his breast bedecked. She was proud of him, too, in his Sunday clothes. She had misgivings about some of his ideas. But she thought he was as brave in peace as he had been in war (witness his behaviour about her *dot!*) and she loved him not for what she understood in him but, after the fashion of women, for what she hoped for in him.

VII

A MARSHAL OF FRANCE AND JEANNE-MARIE

HE was not pretty—Jeanne-Marie—but she was beautiful. Her beauty was not in her features; it was in that something which spoke through her features—in her personality, in her soul, if you will. Lucien didn't know she was beautiful; he thought she was quite plain. But Jean Landrillon had known it. Some of the young men of the Beaux-Arts knew it. And more than one member of the Institute had felt it as he paused at her stall on the quai. It was the sort of beauty one feels rather than sees. She was neither small nor large, and her figure was conspicuous in nothing, one way or the other. Like her father she was dark, with cheek bones rather high. Her mouth was extraordinarily sensitive and expressive, and she had the brow of the ideal-

'JEANNE-MARIE'S TRIUMPH'

ist. It was her eyes which charmed, though; they suggested an infinity of things—things seen and things visioned.

One day a smallish man stopped at her stall. Jeanne-Marie was sitting on her little camp stool, looking away and away. She was an unremarkable figure, in her short black skirt and her black sweater and weather-beaten black hat with the graying crêpe upon it. But it was her eyes that the smallish man saw. He wore a grey-blue uniform, and a cap with four rows of gold oak leaves; he was a marshal of France.

The *aide* who was with him looked wonderfully at his chief, who was a most direct man and no lingerer.

The marshal turned over some old books on the stall. People who were passing, stopped to stare. Jeanne-Marie became aware that interest was being centered on her. She looked—and her heart gave a great leap. She revered this smallish man above all others in the world.

A MARSHAL OF FRANCE

He motioned to her.

“ You were,” he said to her, kindly, questioningly, “ far away, when I came? ”

She blushed.

“ I’m afraid I was,” she admitted.

“ Where? ”

There was no apology in his tone. He seemed to know that she would understand.

She did. And she knew he would understand her reply, which she made simply, directly, as he had questioned her.

“ I was trying to find my father. I’m nearly always trying to find him.”

The marshal of France did not need the graying crêpe on her weather-worn hat to make this explanation intelligible to him.

“ Where did he die? ”

“ At Verdun.”

There was pride in her dark eyes.

“ Ah! ” And then, softly, reverently: “ They shall not pass.”

He, too, was far away. His blue-gray eyes were seeing far, far beyond the square towers

JEANNE-MARIE'S TRIUMPH

of Notre-Dame, on and on to the vast desolation of Champagne; to hillsides thick-strewn with white crosses; and to miles of stark, denuded valleys (void of all life and even of evidences that life had ever been there) where nigh on half a million unidentified dead lie waiting the last muster. All this, that "they" should not pass!

Then the blue-gray eyes lifted to the skies above them.

"Yes," she murmured; "but it's so *big*—up there; and I am so strange. He's lost; I can't feel him. We were so close when he was here—except toward the last. Then he had that look! You know that look! I see it every day in the faces of many men who pass me. They have seen something that they can't tell about—they're seeing it yet—they will always see it. It is another world. Why don't they tell us about it? Why can't they? It isn't horror that they seem to see. It goes beyond that. They seem to understand the horror—to understand everything—except us and the world they

A MARSHAL OF FRANCE

have come back to. *You* have that look! Why don't you tell us what it means?"

But the marshal of France only shook his head—and passed on.

Jeanne-Marie knew she was not rebuked; that he would have given much to comfort her—but was as if he knew not the language in which those things could be told which she so passionately yearned to understand.

He must have spoken of her, of their conversation, to more than one man he knew; because they stopped, when they chanced to be on the quai Malaquais, to look at Jeanne-Marie and—some of them—to speak to her.

When she could, Jeanne-Marie went out to the Val-de-Grâce hospital where many war-maimed men still were, carrying a few cigarettes, if she was able to get them, but always the balm of gratitude. The wards of the Hôtel des Invalides knew her, also. The men who had "that look" were her special quest. But she gave them all her reverence.

She felt nearer to her father there than any

JEANNE-MARIE'S TRIUMPH

other place. But still she did not overtake him—only stumbled on and on, seeking him and never finding him—haunted, always, by the conviction that if she could know what her father wanted to tell her, it would comfort not her sad heart alone, but many another.

VIII

JEANNE-MARIE FINDS HER FATHER

THEN came the early November days of 1920, approaching the second anniversary of the guns' sudden silencing; and France was thrilling with responsiveness to that epoch-marking idea of laying an unknown French soldier beneath the Arc de Triomphe.

Two million and more hearts in France must have leaped with the thought: "Perhaps it is he!" Every unidentified French soldier dead for his country and for humanity, must have several survivors wistful to know his resting place, eager to think of him as possibly the one France was to honour as she has honoured no other of her sons, not even the Corsican.

Jeanne-Marie and the members of her household seized upon the possibility; but no more, doubtless, than two or three million others did.

JEANNE-MARIE'S TRIUMPH

It was not until after the stirring ceremonies were long over, that Jeanne-Marie came to the end of her quest.

The earth-shaking tramp of thousands of marching feet had died away in the distance; the flutter of infinite flags was still; the blare of military bands playing the rallying songs of France, was silenced; the flare of torches and red fire which illumined the night celebrations, had been dimmed in many a gray November dawn, before Jeanne-Marie's "perhaps" gave way to certainty.

But she shared the conviction with no one. She was afraid. It seemed as if one incredulous, not to say mocking, look would kill her new-found joy. She herself grew accustomed to it slowly.

On her first visit to the Arc she felt something probably little different from that which anyone felt who had a dear one among France's unidentified dead.

Then she began to haunt the place, in those hours when there is no trade at quaiside stalls

FINDS HER FATHER

and when she could be spared from home duties.

It was as if, at first, the unparalleled pomp of his interment held her shyly at a great distance. He seemed to belong to France, to humanity, and to history. He was crowned with such a crown as no man had ever worn before, and she was awed by it as an island playfellow of the little Bonaparte might have been had he seen Napoleon riding from Notre-Dame after his coronation. It would take some time to get past those imperial splendours and re-discover a childhood mate. It took Jeanne-Marie time to grope her timid way past all the lavish outpouring of France's homage, and of the world's, to feel herself in re-established communion with her father.

She had, as the communion developed, no sense of anything supernatural in it. It was, on the contrary, intensely natural, simple, sweet and satisfying. She could "feel him," there; she could understand him.

The heartbreakingly sad look was gone from

JEANNE-MARIE'S TRIUMPH

his dear face, now. It was wistful, yearning, but not despairing, as she seemed to see it fixed upon her, full of tenderness.

“ You are happy to be home again, in our dear Paris, I believe,” her heart cried out to him.

And then, it seemed to her, he smiled—not dissentingly, but as if she had penetrated only a small part of the truth.

It is impossible to conceive a more marvellous place than that where he lies: in the heart of Paris, yet surrounded by great open spaces stretching away into apparently illimitable distances in twelve directions. Overhead, an all-but boundless sky. (There always seems to be about ten times as much sky above Paris as above any other city, but nowhere more markedly so than over the “ Place of the Star.”) The dawn, no matter what time of year, lays its first rays on the Arc beneath which that unknown soldier sleeps. Departing day lifts her last glories reluctantly from his bed. The moon shines on his resting place, through all

FINDS HER FATHER

her transit of the heavens. The constellations march above him in unending review. Chestnuts and accacias and catalpas shake their white petals down in the radiating avenues. Birds carol reveille and twitter good-night in the bosky approach to the Bois de Boulogne. Yet motors roll by unceasingly, and buses rumble on their way, and trolley-cars clang their course across the *place* from north to south. There is no isolation from the haunts of men. The tides of life rise almost to the sleeper's head and feet. They well around him, and ebb away again touched with the essence of all that he was and is and all that he stands for. They are there, throbbing all about him, day and night—those whom he died to save and to serve.

Jeanne-Marie, haunting the place, felt all this, poignantly.

She watched the people as they approached that grave, and as they stood there, bowed in reverence, and as they went away.

Kings came, and bared their heads, and laid

'JEANNE-MARIE'S TRIUMPH

great wreaths in tribute. Mighty commoners from countries that know kings no more, paid equal homage. Little children looked, out of large, awe-filled eyes, and shyly dropped small flowers they had been tightly clutching in hot little hands. Women gazed down through blinding tears at the inscription that summed up all honour: "A French Soldier, Dead for His Country." All colors, passing, dipped in salute to him. All his old comrades in arms and their young successors, and all the generals and marshals of France, did him reverence. Deputations of every sort, from everywhere, marched to the spot, and decked it with flowers, and listened to speeches about what he had died for, and marched away.

Doubtless they all got something there, Jeanne-Marie reflected. But the world went on, it seemed, as before. They flowed back into the currents of life—those people—and sweetened them not at all.

Jeanne-Marie's heart raged, sometimes, against their unalteredness. Then she made

FINDS HER FATHER

herself remember that they, doubtless, could not understand him as she did. "And yet, what do I do to show that I understand him?"

For, still she shrank from telling anyone.

It was the marshal of France who first drew it from her. He was not often afoot, and usually went and came with all despatch and directness in his unending round of great duties; but one day he found himself, as 'twere, in her vicinity, and paused to query:

"Well?"

She knew what he meant. And somehow she dared to answer him as she believed it was his desert to be answered.

"Yes," she said—shyly, but confidently.

"Where?"

"At the Arc de Triomphe."

Not the smallest shade of incredulity came over his face. Nor of indulgence.

"And you are satisfied?"

She shook her head.

He looked surprised, questioning.

"Because," she said, "with him there, so

JEANNE-MARIE'S TRIUMPH

close, and all the world pressing against him, I feel more than I ever did before, how different we all should be—and are not! The others who died like him are far away. Their own remember them, but the world forgets. *He* has come back to us, and we go there with wreaths and banners and music and salutes, and come away and don't do anything to build that better day he died for. I think he is very unhappy—that they all are!"

Unfathomable was the expression in the blue-gray eyes above the gray-blue uniform. And for a moment, the marshal of France did not speak. Then:

"The Saviour of mankind must know how to comfort them, my child. He died to bring a better day. We don't seem to appreciate His sacrifice. Yet I'm sure He knows it was not in vain."

"I hadn't thought of that," she replied. "It helps. But I feel as if they must *all* be sad, who died for us, because we go on as we do."

"Doubtless," he said, gravely. And went on his way.

IX

“WHAT ARE WE DOING WITH THE VICTORY ”

HE was the only one to whom, as yet, Jeanne-Marie had confided her belief; and probably Lucien would be the last to whom she'd ever admit it.

But, without laying her sacred conviction open to any hurt, she tried to talk with people, as she met them, about our debt to the dead and the maimed and the sorrowing.

“Everyone,” she maintained passionately, “talks about the national debt and reparations —what we owe and what's owed to us—whether we can pay and whether we can collect. But no one talks about this other debt, that we *can* pay: our debt to the dead. You,” she would say to some woman who, like herself, wore the badge of sacrifice, “have a soldier grave somewhere. What did he hope for when

JEANNE-MARIE'S TRIUMPH

he went marching away? And what are you doing to make it come true? They gave us the victory. What are we doing with it? They crushed the tyrant, and gave the Germans freedom. That is good, but it isn't all they died for! They died for us, too. And what have we got? The Germans laugh and say they won the war. If they did, it is not the fault of our dead. It is *our* fault!"

"But what can we do?" was the almost invariable reply.

And Jeanne-Marie couldn't quite answer that. She felt her inadequacy, but she did not accept it—as too many of the others did. She despised it, and she kept on seeking a way to serve.

Lucien was almost the only person she knew who felt that he was doing something to establish a better day. His talk was still vague, not because his ideas were vague but because he was veiling them more or less, pending some special time. It was all quite mysterious; and to Jeanne-Marie it was, she knew not why, disquieting.

“WHAT ARE WE DOING?”

“What we must do,” she’d say to him, “is work and build and re-create, and make it a good world to live in—better, for more people, than it ever has been before.”

“But you can’t build on the wrong foundations,” he would reply. “Those must be right before we can go ahead.”

What did he mean? Ah! she should see.

“When?”

“Soon.”

He talked much of a man who was a prophet, as ’twere, of this new wisdom—one, Leblanc, who had great vision and was going to do marvellous things.

Lucien was elated. Jeanne-Marie had never known him like this before. He had not a great deal of time to spend with her, but when they were together he was an ardent lover. He seemed to glory in Jeanne-Marie’s empty-handedness. He made much of the fact that in marrying for love alone they were inaugurating a new day in French marriages.

“People will read about our romance, some day,” he told her, “and will say: ‘Just think! How hard it was for him! And now, for every one, it is the only way!’”

There were times when Lucien was so romantic a lover that Jeanne-Marie felt she had won her way back into a world that was wondrous sweet to live in. Then, that cloud of vague apprehension would blot the shine off everything and hint ominously of a storm.

“Why can’t I see Leblanc?” she asked Lucien, repeatedly. “Why can’t I hear about his plans?”

“You shall see him. You shall hear him. Soon! He is going to address a big meeting late in April. You will go with me. You will be very proud, then, of your Lucien.”

And because she longed to be proud of him and happy with him, she tried to put away the foreboding that came gnawing at her heart.

Those spring days were enough to make anyone in love with love, and life and beauty,

“WHAT ARE WE DOING?”

and young growing things. Paris was a bower of tender new green, and infinite white chestnut blossoms, and gay tulip beds. The fountains flashed in the dazzling sunshine, and broke into rainbow spray. The parks were full of those enchanting children who seem to have escaped from the pages of picture-books. Lovers, lovers, everywhere, strolling in close embrace, kissing on street corners, sitting on benches hand holding hand and on their faces the look of ecstasy and of the world forgot.

“Put away your black,” Lucien urged Jeanne-Marie. “Get something that looks like youth and spring.”

She did.

Her father, she knew, would have been the last to wish that she keep her world in mind of her loss and sorrow. There were other remembrances he would rather have, and that she would rather give him.

If only she knew what they were!

He had liked Lucien. He had loved the springtime. He was a warm friend to love,

JEANNE-MARIE'S TRIUMPH

and believed that, with little children, it keeps the world beautiful. He would be glad to have her happy. But could he feel that just being happy, in a sad world, was enough—now?

One day, as April sped on its golden way, a king and a queen came to Paris.

Not because they wore crowns—on occasions did Paris love them; but because, on one occasion, they had chosen a crown of thorns, of suffering and sacrifice, to save Paris, and France, and civilization. And their first visit, after they had paid their respects at the President's palace, was to the Arc de Triomphe, to the unknown soldier's grave. Like him, they too had said: "They shall not pass."

When they had placed their wreath of gratitude and reverence on his grave, and the king had stood with bared and bowed head saluting "a soldier of France, dead for his country," the royal party and their escort rode away. Then the people who were passing, or standing to observe, swarmed toward the grave to look.

Jeanne-Marie was among them. She had

“WHAT ARE WE DOING?”

left Blanche in charge of the stall, and from a distance had watched that ceremony which was a grave comfort to her because the king had done so much in the same cause.

“His utmost,” she reflected, “though not in the same way.”

Then, as she lingered near the grave, watching the curious come and go, all with the demeanour of respect, but only some (she felt) with the heart of gratitude, there came to her like a flash from beneath the stone, a new understanding.

It was as if she could see her father smile, the way he used to smile when he saw her arrive at something she had been straining toward. Probably his face had worn such a smile when he watched her achieve her first steps “all alone.”

It was as if she could hear him speak.

She had found him again, in a new, a nearer, way!

Moved by an impulse she did not question, she went into the Palais-Royal gardens, before

JEANNE-MARIE'S TRIUMPH

crossing the river back to her stall on the quai.

It was quiet in there, as usual. Not many footsteps in the echoing arcades. Children's voices about the fountain, and up and down the gravel paths. Age dozing in the sunshine. Before Camille, an occasional sightseer, with the red book.

Jeanne-Marie sat down on a bench. She was tired, but she hardly knew it. She closed her eyes—perhaps to shut out thoughts of Papa Brunot, and Madame his wife, who declared they would never welcome her as their daughter; perhaps to shut in thoughts that were too tender to be shared with any that might be occasioned by things seen.

X

JEANNE-MARIE MEETS THE ENEMY

THAT was the night she was to go with Lucien to hear Leblanc speak, up near the boulevard de Clichy.

Lucien was excited, and very proud.

They went early, and he found her a good seat, and then he left her. He had much to do, it seemed. He spoke to a great many people as they came in.

The hall was quite a large one which served, at different times, a wide variety of purposes. It was barren-looking, and ugly. The audience, as it assembled, gave Jeanne-Marie a sense of vague discomfort. Suddenly, this vague feeling gave way to one acute, specific. She saw Lucien, at the back of the hall, talking with a man she had not seen in eight years, a man much changed since then, not by time alone but by his own efforts

JEANNE-MARIE'S TRIUMPH

too, but a man she could never forget: Diedrich.

He was coming toward her, with Lucien. Her heart was throbbing wildly. Lucien had never seen Diedrich in those days of their undoing; he was away, at Nancy. But he had no patience with Madame Landrillon's idea that Diedrich had had any other motive, when he proposed the extension of her husband's business, than kindly interest, patriotism, and perhaps the hope of a congenial occupation for himself.

"Because the effort failed, you feel sure he meant harm to you," Lucien argued with her, reasonably. "If it had succeeded, you would have felt sure he acted from pure benevolence."

And, of course, both her encounters with Diedrich during the war were entirely explicable.

Nevertheless, all the Landrillons had a strong feeling of something sinister about him.

Jeanne-Marie reflected that she had nothing

MEETS THE ENEMY

whereupon to base this feeling except imagination, and that Lucien would doubtless be much provoked at her if she allowed herself to be swayed by it. So she mustered her self-control to greet Diedrich pleasantly, and to make no reference to the past until she had seen what was his attitude toward it.

What, then, was her surprise and shock when Lucien introduced the man with him as “Leblanc, of whom you have heard me talk so much.”

Jeanne-Marie felt herself the swaying center of a sudden chaos. But she steadied herself, with great effort, to see if her name made any impression on him.

None that she could see! He talked to her rather indulgently, she thought, as the sweetheart of his young friend and admirer, Brunot. And all the while his eyes were roving over the assembling audience, appraisingly.

Soon he excused himself, and ascended the platform. Lucien sat down beside Jeanne-Marie.

JEANNE-MARIE'S TRIUMPH

In a few moments Leblanc arose. There was a quick shutting-off of buzzing talk—silence—then he began to speak.

He felt his way, cautiously, through opening generalities. He grew more and more outspoken. Applause greeted his bolder utterances. He went on to others bolder still.

Jeanne-Marie's face was flaming. Her eyes were flashing such fire as Lucien had never seen in them before, when she turned to him, vehemently.

“Do you hear him?” she whispered, clutching him by the arm.

“Sh!” he warned.

“I will not hush, Lucien I tell you, I know that man—he's not Leblanc—he's Diedrich—and he's not a Frenchman—he's of the enemy. That's enemy talk, Lucien! It's meant for our undoing. Surely you can see that!”

“Hush, I tell you,” he reiterated, angrily. “You're crazy.”

“I'm not crazy—it is you who are crazy if you let him mislead you. You think I'm re-

MEETS THE ENEMY

sentful because, listening to him, we lost everything. I tell you it's not that—not now! It's because this is the kind of talk that, if we listen to it, will give all the victory to the enemy—will mock our dead and make them dead in vain."

He gripped her arm in a vise-like hold that would have made her cry out in pain had she not been so transported as to be unaware of physical sensation.

"If you make a scene—disturb him—I'll never speak to you again," he threatened.

She knew he meant it. And for a few moments she sat silent, and as if cowed. But she was listening.

The talk on the platform flowed on and on, interrupted by frequent bursts of applause. It was an open incitation, now; full of "why should we do this? why should we bear that? We fought, we won; are we dictating the terms of victory? We are not! *Why not?*" etc. Nothing profound about it, nothing new; but the sort of sputter that can always kindle shavings and thus start a large fire.

JEANNE-MARIE'S TRIUMPH

Presently, he became, in Jeanne-Marie's mind, sacrilegious.

"We owe it to our dead to make these demands," he cried, "these refusals."

At that, she left her seat beside Lucien, crushed past him, eluding his grasp to stop her, and started, swaying yet travelling fleetly, toward the platform.

The speaker stopped and looked at her. Everyone was looking at her.

"Wait!" she cried, in a voice she had never heard before, that no one had ever heard before. "Don't listen to this man, dear people—listen to me—to a little French girl whose father died at Verdun. I don't know who this man is. Once I knew him as Diedrich. My mother saw him with the German army at Senlis. Three years later she saw him in Paris, in the uniform of a French colonel. The war office told us there was no colonel by that name. That's all I know about him except what he says. And by that I know in which uniform he was a spy! He is not French! He is not

MEETS THE ENEMY

for us! He's trying to cheat us of our victory—to make us cheat ourselves of it! He shall not take their name in vain who died at Verdun and on a hundred other fields. He shall not speak for them, and speak lies. *You* know what they died for! It was for France, and for humanity. They gave all they had, even to their utmost—gave it that we might live on in the blessed freedom they knew and appreciated, and pass it on to more and more peoples. They died that we might have security, and peace, and beauty, and work, and homes, and thrift, and little children who need not go to war when they grow up, to defend their homes from rape and their land from devastation.

“The spirit in which they died was sacrifice, and service. What has happened to us, for whom they died, that we have lost that spirit (we had it, too, while the war was on) and got selfish and grudging and everything that they were not?

“They died that we might live in peace.

'JEANNE-MARIE'S TRIUMPH

We have no peace! Is it their fault? No! it is *ours!* We are betraying them.

"We say the diplomats have messed things up. *They* can't make peace! *We* must make it! Every one of us must make his share—do his utmost, as they did who bled and died 'out there.' And we must make it in the same spirit in which they fought for it—sacrifice and service. Not 'every man for himself,' but 'every man for others.' Not, 'What can I get out of this?' but 'what can I do or give, that will make the world safer and better to live in?'

"'Everything,' I seem to hear my father say to me, 'would be so simple, if only each one would do as we did: his utmost, for others.' If you will listen to the voices of your own, who did just that, you will know, as I do, that this man and all who talk like him are not of us—are of the enemy—are not for us—but against us."

XI

“WE FIGHTING MEN CANNOT MAKE PEACE”

DIEDRICH rose and put out his hand as if to silence her and to appeal to the people.

There were murmurs, which speedily became a clamour.

Then Jeanne-Marie flung both arms above her head and her hands quivered in the air, supremely appealing.

From here and there came a sibilant demand for quiet.

“You can’t hear what your speaker is saying,” she cried. “I can hear. He’s saying that I have misjudged him, misrepresented him. If I have, I’m willing to apologize. I will stay here until I’m told to do it. The war office will tell us. Perhaps the police can tell us.”

Then the clamour was on again, trebled in

JEANNE-MARIE'S TRIUMPH

volume, and in excitedness. There were cries of "Put her out!" And cries of "No! No!"

A number of men clambered onto the platform, among them Lucien, and created a group of confusedly moving figures amongst whom, presently, Leblanc had ceased to be.

Some of the men near her talked to Jeanne-Marie. But Lucien did not. She looked at him appealingly, for she was trembling violently and was near spent. Some one fetched a chair for her, and she sat down on it, weakly. She did not know that Diedrich was gone.

A man made an attempt to call the meeting again to order; but it was fruitless. People were dispersing, rapidly.

A woman came up on the platform and bent over Jeanne-Marie.

"You are a brave girl," she said; "I'm sure your father's proud of you. May I get a cab and take you home?"

Jeanne-Marie nodded assent. She could not speak, and she leaned heavily on her unknown friend as they made their way out.

“WE FIGHTING MEN”

In the street there was commotion : the police. Some one pointed to Jeanne-Marie and said “That girl—there !”

A sergeant approached her, saw who was with her, and exchanged looks of recognition, of assurance.

“Have they got him ?” the woman asked.

“Yes—but not before he tried to shoot himself.”

“Ah ! this poor child was right, then ?”

“Evidently.”

“If only they could all be spotted, and brought to bay ! They are harder to deal with now than they were during the war. This girl has courage !”

Courage ? It seemed to Jeanne-Marie that no one ever had so little of it as she. She closed her eyes, as she sank back in the taxi, and could feel the hot tears beating against her restraining lids.

Then a hideous thought stabbed her into sudden alertness. Lucien ! Had they taken him, too ?

JEANNE-MARIE'S TRIUMPH

"I must go back!" she cried, clutching desperately at her companion. "I—I went with some one—with my sweetheart—he won't know what has become of me. I must find him."

She could not be otherwise persuaded. So, back they went. Lucien was not there. Some one said he had been arrested.

Jeanne-Marie had not noted the exchange of glances between her protector and the police sergeant. And even if she had, she probably would not have known how to interpret them. She knew only that this woman was kind and willing to help her. So, to her she poured out the whole story—as she knew it. She was sure that Lucien was a dupe of this man who called himself Leblanc. Lucien was a poor, silly boy who thought it was "smart" to be radical, "advanced." This man had taken advantage of him. She told about the tragedy of the Palais-Royal shop, about the lost *dot*, about Lucien's attitude toward that loss. She told the woman from the police department more

"WE FIGHTING MEN"

than several male investigators could have found out in two or three days' questioning of many persons.

Probably Lucien was a silly dupe. But it would do him no harm to get a good scare. Other dupes with no more vicious intent had brought down a small universe about their ears—and others'! This was a clever woman. She knew something about the way revolutions work. She knew the value of dupes, and the stuff they're fed on, and what they pay for their folly.

Jeanne-Marie insisted on seeing Lucien. In no other circumstance, probably, could she have been gratified; but her protector arranged it.

Lucien was raging; and when he saw her his fury became almost maniacal. He cursed her and threatened her and repudiated her. He reminded her of his magnanimity toward her, and cried that this was his reward for it.

Shocked beyond all power of speech, Jeanne-

'JEANNE-MARIE'S TRIUMPH'

Marie cowered away from him. And her kind friend took her home.

The next morning, as early as she dared present herself there, Jeanne-Marie was at the War Office, asking to see the marshal of France with whom she had twice exchanged words.

"Tell him, the girl from the quai Mal-a-quais," she said.

He sent for her. And, as briefly as she could, she told him the essential points of her story. He listened intently, and seemed to be searching her consciousness, back of the things she said for the things she did not know how to say. When she had finished, he sat regarding her gravely.

"Well—! What do you wish me to do?" he asked.

Jeanne-Marie shook her head.

"I would not come here to ask you to do anything," she said.

"No? Then why—?"

"Because I felt that you are the only person who can tell me what to do. Everybody else

“WE FIGHTING MEN”

will try to, of course. But there is so much that they don't know—can't know. You are the only one to whom I have told that I have found my father. I shall never tell anyone else. Even if I could prove to them that my father lies there—which I can't!—I'd never do it. I'd never rob any heart in France of the same belief, the same consolation. I wish everyone who has a soldier dead for his country might feel that he is *THE* one.”

“I wish they might,” he said, fervently, “if you are a sample of what that belief inspires to. You're a brave girl, Mademoiselle. And we need bravery in peace as much as in war. Most people don't seem to know that. You do. Your father gave his life for France and for humanity. You have given—perhaps—your love; and that is probably harder for you to give than it would be to give your life. I honour you, and thank you, no less than him.”

He rose, and bowed.

Jeanne-Marie could not speak. But he understood.

JEANNE-MARIE'S TRIUMPH

“There is nothing to do,” he counselled, “except to let events take their course. He probably has done nothing for which he can be held. If he is a true Frenchman, he’ll love you for what you did—when he comes to his senses. If he isn’t a true Frenchman, if he’s lending himself to cheat us of what your father died to win, then you don’t want him, I know. God bless you, my child! France had a lot of heroines during the war. She needs as many now. *All* countries do! I salute you! I only wish you could tell all the world that we fighting men cannot make peace. We can only make it possible for our people to have the peace they are willing to create and to sustain.”

When Jeanne-Marie came out of the War Office she struggled with a strong temptation to follow the Boulevard St. Germain to the river and go out to the Arc de Triomphe. But it was time she was back at her stall, opening up for the day’s business; and that, she realized, was the world’s great need now: everyone at his work, whatever it is, and to his utmost, doing

“WE FIGHTING MEN”

not his share alone, but that of at least one other who cannot beat his sword into a plough-share. So she hurried to the quai.

On her way, the great comfort began to find her, and before she had reached her stall she knew that she would find her father there, and that he would never more be absent from it. Not at the Arc de Triomphe alone would she feel his companionship, henceforth; but in every familiar nook, up and down Paris, he would be with her again as he had used to be.

XII

THERE ARE NO DEAD!

“**I**T is not,” he seemed to say to her, “death that separates us from you; it is your staying behind—your not coming through as we did—doing your utmost. Since last night, we are once more united, you and I; both of us have done all we knew how to do for the Better Day. In warfare, the courage of the advance was futile if the others did not follow through. The sorrow of the world these days is because so many lag behind; they lose contact with us, lose the benefits we died to give them, not because we have gone far but because they have not gone far enough to keep with us. You must tell the others, my Jeanne-Marie. Their mourning and their misery only mock us. Why don’t they ‘come through?’ ”

He seemed at her very elbow, as she opened up her little stall and set out her slender stock.

THERE ARE NO DEAD!

The selling of such things as these had never been mere merchandising to him. What he sold was always a bit of the past or a guide to it; and the past to him—simple bourgeois though he was—was not a finished book; it was a tale he was continuing. It was not other men's yesterdays, but his own. And what he felt about it for himself, he loved to help others feel about it for themselves. Then, having been thus in the old days, what must he not feel now of that which makes France unconquerable because her children know she is immortal and they with her!

How many times had Jeanne-Marie heard him, pointing to that part of the Beaux-Arts which had been the Duchesse de Bouillon's garden, say that any one who would, might always find LaFontaine there, engrossed in the social activities of an ant colony or listening to the talk of Racine or Boileau! How many times had she seen him indicate the windows, looking down on that quai, of George Sand's one-time lodging, as if she were there at the

moment, writing, dreaming of love, and feeling the proximity of her great ancestor, the Marechal de Saxe, who lived on this quai a century before her and was a great lover too! How many times had she heard him direct some one to 13 quai de Conti, close by, and say that if one looked with seeing eyes, a sallow stripling could be seen coming out of that house in very bad humour because a little girl, unimpressed by his new uniform, had laughed and declared he looked like Puss-in-Boots. That was Bonaparte of the Ecole Militaire—a lad one may meet up and down many a street in Paris, gawking or strutting, and speaking French difficultly with a strange accent. Jeanne-Marie knew that lad better than she knew Lucien. There are no dead—except among the living!

Lucien! what was happening to him? What was going to happen to him? Could it be endured, if Lucien betrayed his country? Could one who loved a man live through a shame like that?

He was not a conscious traitor, Jeanne-Marie

THERE ARE NO DEAD!

knew. But the conscious traitors usually get dupes to do their dirty work for them. Jeanne-Marie read a great deal, as she sat beside her stall. The books she vended were no more mere merchandise to her than they had been to her father. In particular, she knew the big and little actors of the French Revolution as perhaps no one knew them who lived in their midst. And she knew how patriotism, both intelligent and unintelligent, had been made use of in those days by demagogues and spoilers of the lowest depravity.

She knew, too, the specious talk spread for the unthinking in these days, as in those; grandiloquent slogans like the "Brotherhood of Man" and "The World is my Country" but fraught with the same destructiveness as "My children are society's" and "Any woman is my wife."

Why had she been unable to make Lucien think? Why had the war, which brought out the sublimity in so many men, developed only this blind folly in Lucien?

JEANNE-MARIE'S TRIUMPH

The Marshal of France was right when he said that if Lucien was trying to cheat the world of what her father died to save, she didn't want him. There was no hesitation in Jeanne-Marie's mind about that! But until she knew Lucien to be a traitor she must needs yearn over him.

She had not said a word, at home, about last night's experience. They would hear it soon enough and she would have to answer questions without end. (Like all vision-seeing persons, Jeanne-Marie had an almost, or altogether, morbid dislike of being questioned—a dislike for which her mother had, now dark suspicion and now shrill resentment.) But there was a paragraph in the popular papers to the effect that "a man speaking at a meeting near the Boulevard de Clichy, last night, was denounced by a girl in the audience who said her mother had seen this man with the German army at Senlis and later, in Paris, in the uniform of a French colonel. 'And by what he says here,' she went on, 'I know in which uniform he was

THERE ARE NO DEAD!

a spy.' The meeting broke up in a clamour and the man, who calls himself Leblanc, was taken into custody—but not before he had essayed to shoot himself. He is now in the Cherche-Midi. The girl is a *bouquiniste* on the quai Malaquais. Her name is Landrillon."

There was no swarming of youthful "reporters" about Jeanne-Marie's stall, as there would have been had the thing happened elsewhere that we wot of, or had it happened otherwise. The War Office had this case. The War Office would try it. The assistance of very young gentlemen "making copy" was not needed and would not be tolerated.

But the neighbors—the new neighbors of the rue Bonaparte, and the old neighbors from the Palais-Royal—were excited and curious; the old ones particularly so, because they had heard of Lucien's arrest. The Brunots charged Jeanne-Marie with bringing this disgrace upon them and were very bitter against her and also against the "bolshevik" betrothal into which she—they did not doubt—had lured their poor

Lucien. If she had had something invested with him, had been his partner in some substantial enterprise providing for their future, would she have done such a crazy thing as she did last night? A thousand times, no! This is what comes of women having nothing to think of but their whims and caprices. There was just one fortunate phase to the affair: Lucien was cured of his folly! He raged against Jeanne-Marie like a madman. He swore that when he got out he would kill her. They hoped he wouldn't kill her; it might take him too close to Madame Guillotine. But they were glad he was furious against her.

During the midday hour, when most shops are closed and most people are in the streets, Jeanne-Marie's stall was crowded.

Madame Landrillon was there—greatly incensed at having been obliged to tell those who called at rue Bonaparte that she knew nothing at all about last night's happenings. She brought Jeanne-Marie's *dejeuner* instead of sending Blanche with it as usual, and she demanded to know so many things that Jeanne-

THERE ARE NO DEAD!

Marie grew bewildered, as well as shy, and her answers were far from satisfying.

Indeed, no one got much from Jeanne-Marie. She was terribly confused, and most unhappy. The exaltation of an hour ago, when she felt her father's presence and seemed to hear his commendations, had faded to a memory. So, too, the sense of consecration she had had when she left the Marshal's office. It is not the canon's mouth that makes heroism difficult; it is the neighbors' mouths; and perhaps the family's.

Jeanne-Marie begged that she might go away, and Madame Landrillon at last consented. After all, no one was getting anything out of Jeanne-Marie and certainly no one was buying. It were just as well that she take a little time to pull herself together, while her mother, who liked to talk and who enjoyed being a center of interest, took advantage of this opportunity.

So the girl slipped away, not doubting that she would soon find herself companioned and counselled as she had been this morning.

XIII

THE MAN IN RUE VIVIENNE—AND HIS “BUDDY”

YEARNING led her toward the Palais-Royal; but prudence kept her at a safe distance from the arcades where the Brunots or their friends might spy her.

She crossed the pont du Carrousel lingeringly, her gaze fixed on those five arches of the inspired Mansart which her father had so ardently loved. But, though she could seem to feel him holding her little body up on the bridge's parapet, as he had done when she was very small, she knew that it was not here he waited for her today.

In the Place du Carrousel she paused for that long, long westward look which is the most magnificent vista in the world: beneath the Arc de Triomphe du Carrousel and far away, mile upon mile, through Lenôtre's garden of the

THE MAN IN RUE VIVIENNE

Tuileries, past the Place de la Concorde with its Luxor obelisk, along the embowered Champs-Elysées and up the ascent crowned by that arch of triumph beneath which he slept: "a French soldier, dead for his country." In a few days there were to be impressive ceremonies at the Arc, commemorative of the hundredth anniversary of Napoleon's death, but the arch planned as a memorial to his armies has become the memorial of all France's soldiers proudly dead for their country, and symbolized by one sleeping beneath it in that incomparable majesty.

Bonaparte loved glory; he loved to link his name with magnificence that might be enduring. But Jeanne-Marie did not believe that he was loath to cede first place in the thought of those who pass the Arc, to that Unknown.

And as she stood gazing, the splendour wrapped her round about, as it must needs wrap any child of France or other heir of France's glories who stands there and reflects he is of that which he sees with the eye of his

JEANNE-MARIE'S TRIUMPH

body and visions with the eye of his soul. Jean Landrillon had many times said that he would rather be a rag-picker able to stand there and feel a part of all he saw, than an Emperor anywhere else on earth, at any time. Jeanne-Marie felt that way, too; and she stepped with conscious pride as she resumed her way across the *place*. She seemed almost to be marching rather than walking—marching as she had when she kept pace with her father, going to the gare de l'Est to meet the advancing foe.

Presently, when she had walked no little distance without plan or purpose, it was as if she became aware of some one with her: a small, sallow man in a shabby gray overcoat that he had worn at Wagram.

Jeanne-Marie looked about her then, to see where she was. Ah, yes! rue Vivienne.

“I have,” she seemed to say to the man in the gray coat, “met you here before, many times; but you were younger.”

“I know,” he answered, “I come here often,

THE MAN IN RUE VIVIENNE

to meet that same young man. He means a great deal to me. He was so discouraged—that night when he went to the Feydeau Theatre and wept over a piece called ‘The Good Son.’ There didn’t seem to be any way of his getting a chance to do what he felt he could do, and knew must be done. Then, on his way back to the cheap lodging, (at ‘The Sign of Liberty’!) he didn’t know how he could pay for, he heard the commotion here. Can you imagine how he felt? Twenty thousand soldiers of the Republic sent here to put down a royalist demonstration and backing away without a show of power—quelled by DeLallot’s oratory! All that had been won in three years of blood and agony about to be relinquished without a blow! He followed the crowd to the Tuileries—that young man—where the National Assembly was sitting and wondering how long it might continue to sit. ‘What to do? What to do?’ In desperation, they gave him his chance—that Unknown. And the next day he sent the reactionaries flying. I think I love him best of

JEANNE-MARIE'S TRIUMPH

all my former selves; so I come here often, to meet him. I know you, and I'm glad to meet you, too."

"Know *me?*" Jeanne-Marie murmured.
"Why, I——"

"You are the girl who couldn't bear to sit still and hear an orator try to undo all that was won in four years of blood and agony. I know. We all know—who fought for France."

"You all—know?"

"Certainly. Did you suppose that we no longer care what becomes of France? Care who carries on? That *would* be death! And we are not dead. We watch the progress of events more intently than you do."

"Ah!"

It was like a deep-drawn breath that Jeanne-Marie exhaled. Because she became aware that the Emperor was not alone. Jean Landrillon was with him. And they seemed like "buddies," as the soldiers from overseas said.

Jean Landrillon did not seem to speak to

THE MAN IN RUE VIVIENNE

Jeanne-Marie; he appeared content to smile, and to let his comrade speak for him.

Then, in a moment, they were both gone and Jeanne-Marie was almost alone in those still backwaters of Paris that lie, mirror-like, in rue Vivienne and reflect so much because they move so little. But she knew, now, what she must do. She did not need to think about it—to make up her mind. Before any plan was formulated in her brain, her feet were flying toward rue Beaujolais, and the north end of the Palais-Royal; then into the Galerie Montpensier, and straight to Papa Brunot's shop.

It was closed; "Closed from 12 to 2," the notice on the door read; but Jeanne-Marie guessed that the Brunots were at *dejeuner* in the room behind the store.

They were.

She knocked, and rattled the door. Madame Brunot came, thinking it might be news from Lucien. She looked quite terrible when she saw Jeanne-Marie; but she opened the door. After all, she was rather glad of this opportunity.

JEANNE-MARIE'S TRIUMPH

“I have come,” Jeanne-Marie said, “to tell you that I am ready to do anything I can to help you get Lucien set free. And that you need not fear his marrying me; because I’ll never, never marry him unless you both ask me to—which you won’t need to do—because he thinks he’s through with me, and I—I have a great deal else to do. But I can’t do it—what I have to do—until I have tried to get him out of—of where he is; and so I came.

“You don’t like me—but you love France. Don’t think about me. Just think about France and how we can prove that Lucien loves her too, and that he didn’t know it was an enemy he was consorting with.”

The Brunots listened, coldly at first; then with astonishment that became almost awe, as Jeanne-Marie talked of what she must do “to keep faith with THEM,” as she said.

Madame Brunot wept a little. Papa Brunot stared into the garden and seemed to be seeing things that were not there to the body’s eye.

They were Jeanne-Marie’s first audience since

THE 'MAN IN RUE VIVIENNE

she had known what she must do. She had chosen them for her first because she knew they would be the most difficult. After she had faced them she could face anybody—even her mother.

They knew no more about the fate of Diedrich than she did; but they were sure he had never talked disloyalty to Lucien.

“*Not as such,*” Jeanne-Marie agreed. “They don’t do it that way. It is our business to know it, whatever way it comes. Lucien didn’t! Lots of people don’t. We must tell them. I must and *you* must!”

The Brunots gasped.

“Not together,” Jeanne-Marie hastened to add, “but you in your corner, your little world, and I in mine. And others in theirs! We must keep faith with those who died.”

When Lucien’s case came up for examination, she was ready, she said, to testify as she could in his behalf. She did not know that she had already done so.

They thanked her; then she went on her way—and left them wondering.

XIV

“WHAT'S WON CANNOT BE WEIGHED YET”

AT the quai Malaquais there was still a little group about her stall. But she no longer shrank from them.

“I have been,” she said simply and without waiting to be asked, “to see the Brunots. I was sure they did not understand about Lucien and what they must do for him—not just to get him out of prison, but to help him ‘come through.’ He fought well for France. He must go on fighting for her. We all must. This is no time to sit down and say ‘They won—and we won—They who gave all and we who gave much.’ What’s won cannot be weighed yet. It’s on our hands—and we’re holding it back. That’s why I talked last night. That’s why I must talk again and again whenever any one will listen to me. You must *all*

“WHAT'S WON”

do that! Pass it on! Pass it on! Many have died for us—Oh, so many! Not in this war alone but in other wars, against the same enemy and other enemies. They left it with us—that which they loved well enough to die for. Is everybody doing the best he can with it? Doing his utmost for France, and for humanity? That's what I beg you to keep asking, each of you, as you go your way and do your work—your work and his, too, whose work is done. This is my father's stall. I am trying to do what he would have done, had he come back from Verdun, and what I should have done, too. I am trying to do it to the glory of France—as he died at Verdun. If you know anyone who is doing less than this, please tell him what I am telling you.”

The group grew while she stood talking, but not to the proportions of a crowd. Some moved on without waiting to hear all that she had to say—convinced doubtless that she was unbalanced. Others listened, shrugged, and went their ways. But here and there her timid

JEANNE-MARIE'S TRIUMPH

sowing fell on ground that was not stony—and bore fruit.

The word went 'round. It went through the Beaux-Arts quite rapidly; and much more slowly it reached the Institut de France. In no time at all it was at the Préfecture de Police; and, almost as soon, at the War Office, and at Des Invalides where the commandant of the fortress of Paris has his headquarters and does his work so quietly that if no enemy ever came one might live and die in Paris without realizing that it is a fort. It reached the Chambre de Députés; but not before a Senator of France, strolling across the pont du Carrousel, had carried it to the Luxembourg.

“‘They are not dead!’ I heard her say,” the senator told a number of his colleagues. “‘I meet my father face to face everywhere I turn in this Paris that he loved so well. You must meet yours, too, in those places that you knew with them. Don’t they question you?’”

As the days passed, it developed that nearly every one who went afoot over the pont du

Carrousel or along the quai Malaquais, stopped to look at Jeanne-Marie, to question her, or to listen, if she chanced to be talking. She never went afield to seek auditors. She tended her stall, and “carried on” and said what she could to make courage in other hearts not passive but positive. That was all! Just what everybody could do and should do! Nothing extraordinary; no leading armies, like the other Jeanne of long ago; no going forth to preach a new crusade. Just a French girl whose father had died at Verdun trying to be worthy of his memory!

People began to tell one another her story; how her sweetheart was in jail through her denunciation of his associates, her fear that what they urged was not for the best interests of France.

“How,” some demanded of her, “could you presume to judge what is and what is not good for France?”

“How?” she echoed. “Didn’t we *all* know, once—not so very long ago? Were there two

JEANNE-MARIE'S TRIUMPH

opinions then as to what 'shall not pass'? Don't we know the foes of our peace *now* as we knew them *then?*"

"It is progress we want now—not peace!" one cried to her, from the edge of a little group about her stall.

"Progress? Yes!" she answered. "But let us make sure it is progress, and not believe those who try to tell us that to make a thing better we have first to smash it. Is *that* the way to mend? All the talk about progress being in the denial of our past, of all that our fathers and our forefathers wrought, comes from the same quarter where our envious enemies have been bred for two thousand years! Every bit of it! You know it as well as I do! The spirit of France is not hard to detect; it is: 'Build; bide; carry on; honour the best of all you inherited; pass it on, as much bettered as you can, to the future!' That's France! If anybody talks destruction, sabotage, and calls that progress, I know him for what he is just as surely as my father knew what to do

“WHAT'S WON”

about a man in field-gray uniform crawling through No-Man's-Land toward a trench outside Verdun.”

The Brunots never came to quai Malaquais; but they heard about all that went on there. And they realized if Lucien were released with a reprimand and a caution, it would be due, in no small degree, to respect in high quarters for Jeanne-Marie and her influence.

She was, in fact, sent for and questioned about him. And soon thereafter Lucien was liberated, after having been told that he owed his setting free as much to Jeanne-Marie's account of him as to the fact that no evidence of criminal complicity was found against him. But he was warned that a French soldier several times cited for valour, ought to know better than to be caught by so obvious an enemy as “Leblanc.”

XV

“DEATH GIVES PEOPLE TO US”

LUCIEN was “sore” but not chastened. He had, to do him credit, not been frightened, although he realized the gravity of his situation. He believed in what he had been advocating, and he was ready to suffer for his belief—to die for it, if need be. It was his intelligence that was at fault, not his nature; the same qualities, well directed, would make him a hero.

For what she had brought upon him, he told himself, he might forgive Jeanne-Marie; but for what she had brought upon his parents? Never!

Well, as to that, they did not encourage him. Their hostility toward her had somewhat abated since they had been promised that she would never marry him until they asked her, even though he might have attained an age

"DEATH GIVES PEOPLE TO US"

to marry without their consent. And they realized that Lucien's security might be menaced by any ill-feelings he showed toward Jeanne-Marie.

But Lucien, to do him further credit, was not influenced by this consideration. He believed that Jeanne-Marie had been inappreciative of his love and loyalty as well as of his principles, and he was exceeding loath to owe anything to her—even his liberty. He would not set foot on the quai Malaquais.

"It will be noted that you avoid her," his mother counselled; "and taken to mean that you are against her. She speaks for France. The things she says, they tell me, are things no patriot can deny."

"I do not know what she says," Lucien replied, "I do not care what people think of me."

He believed he spoke the truth. But as he began going about again among the people he had been associated with before his imprisonment, he found that he was seeing them

JEANNE-MARIE'S TRIUMPH

through a new lens, as it were—one that was no less an aid to clearer vision because he had not sought it, had not known he needed it, had not been aware when it was supplied to him. This was the lens: “If anybody talks destruction, sabotage, and calls that progress, I know him for what he is just as surely as my father knew what to do about a man in field-gray uniform crawling through No-Man’s-Land toward a trench outside Verdun.” Some one had brought this to him from the quai Malaquais. He had professed indifference, if not disbelief. But there it stuck, in the forefront of his consciousness. When he looked at persons, things, he found that it was through this lens. And he was startled, annoyed—startled at what he perceived; annoyed at Jeanne-Marie for having proved to him that his own vision was defective.

Meanwhile, more and more persons were stopping beside Jeanne-Marie’s stall and more and more were going away with new glasses, so to speak, or with old ones readjusted. In

“DEATH GIVES PEOPLE TO US”

any case, with clearer vision. And also with purer purpose.

These, and others!

Jeanne-Marie did not mind being questioned. When some one asked of her, “What is it that you propose?” she was grateful for the direct challenge.

“More work than ever, and better!” was her reply. “More love for France, and purer. More will than ever to carry on the best that has been wrought for us. *Our utmost*, to save our heritage and to serve humanity—as they gave, who died. We must keep faith with them. It is the only way.”

It was a simple message—and direct—leaving no one a chance to say: “*They* ought to do something about it,” meaning the deputies, or the senators, or the premiers in conference, or the allied powers. In her vision, the Better Day for which so many died, rested in part upon the shoulders of every man, woman and child alive; and each defaulter, stepping out from under his share, was no less tragic to the

JEANNE-MARIE'S TRIUMPH

success of the whole enterprise of peace than each deserter to the enterprise of war.

“The soul of France speaks through her,” said a great academician, resuming his way after stopping to listen as she talked.

“It is good business,” some one suggested to him sneeringly.

“I hope it is,” was his hearty reply. “Ideal-
ity and good business—devotion to one’s job
and devotion to France—that is indeed the in-
vincible soul of France.”

As a matter of fact, Jeanne-Marie *was* pros-
pering, not phenomenally, but substantially.
“The girl on the quai Malaquais” was becom-
ing an institution. And she was teaching a
small multitude of persons how to re-people
Paris with all those who have wrought there
to carry forward the human epic we call
civilization. The extraordinary intensity with
which she herself felt her contact with those
too commonly thought of as “dead” en-
abled her to communicate to others a most
vivid sense of like contacts. There never was

"DEATH GIVES PEOPLE TO US"

anything about it, to her mind, savoring of spiritism.

"It isn't," she explained, "that I feel I can call them to me. It is that I seem able to find them, where they used to be. I have always thought of Heaven as a place where all the people are whom we knew and loved and all those whom we would have loved to know. When I was a little girl and lay awake nights wondering what really had become of the lost dauphin, I used to solace myself with thinking that when I got to Heaven I'd ask him all about it. I knew that *here* I am not of the class that quizzes princes of the blood; but it never occurred to me that *there* he would be inaccessible or incommunicative. I suppose everybody has felt the same sort of thing. But most of us, I believe, have made the mistake of thinking about Heaven as too far off, and those we'd like to associate with as separated from us by some great gulf. All I can say about myself is that they don't seem far away to me, any more —nor strange. I—well, I just 'find' them and

JEANNE-MARIE'S TRIUMPH

‘feel’ them; they haven’t gone away, they still walk these streets and loiter in these gardens and saunter on these quais and pass in and out of these old houses, not like ghosts, but like much more real persons than they were to those who saw them with the bodily eye. Because, you see, those who knew them in the flesh often didn’t know them in the spirit as well as we do. Do you think they did? Sometimes it was in dying that they revealed themselves. No, not in the *way* they died, exactly, but in all that developed about them after they had died—as if the thing we call death set the real truth about them, the real essence of their spirit, free for everyone to comprehend. Take Molière, for instance; I was born and brought up in the very shadow of the place where he died; I was taught, as a child, to see him crossing the Palais-Royal gardens to and from his theatre. If I had been there when he was in the flesh, I would probably have crept out of the path of the great satirist whose lash made even the King wince. But when I saw him there—when

“DEATH GIVES PEOPLE TO US”

death had set him free—he was a heart-broken, weary man, dying in harness, an actor to the last though it meant being classed as an outcast and refused Christian burial. I saw him crossing the gardens that last time, to die alone. I wept for him, and loved him, and understood him as I never could have done if I had played in those gardens more than two centuries before. That's what I mean! Death *gives* people to us so much more than it takes them away. Death has given us all the great and wonderful, of all times. We don't have to wait till we get to Heaven to consort with them. We can do it now.”

Some who heard her, comprehended. Some, of course, did not.

“It isn't,” some objected to her, “Molière and Bonaparte that we want to feel near us—it's our *own*.”

Always, this cry made her eyes fill with tears. The memory of those days when she groped not merely through an empty world but through a universe too terribly vast, was evoked by

'JEANNE-MARIE'S TRIUMPH

every look of loneliness and longing, even if it were not articulated.

"I know," she answered. "But I find my father most perfectly of all—in the places that I knew him—the places that he loved. There was a long time when I couldn't feel him near—when I thought I'd lost him out of my life. Then I learned that *it was because I had let him go*—had not kept up with him. When I found out that our separation was only because I was staying behind—in spirit—in willingness to serve, to do my utmost as he had done his—then he was with me again—so close, so near, so satisfying, that I want to tell every sad heart about it. I am only a simple French girl, as he was only a *poilu* of France; I can't write about it, or preach about it, or do anything but stand here at my stall and *tell* about it to those who pass my way. But I feel as though a great truth had been revealed to me and I must bear witness to it."

Many came back to her and testified that they had found their dear ones, too. Others

“DEATH GIVES PEOPLE TO US”

demanded of her, over and over, what they could do to “overtake” their dead.

“Do all you can,” she answered, “that they left unfinished. Carry on for France and for that which is France’s perpetual gift to the world.”

Those who essayed to do this reported to her that they found themselves marching side by side with their beloved dead. . . .

XVI

A WOMAN IN MOURNING

IT was not for comforting the bereaved that she was marked for destruction; it was for sounding the *alerte* against those who sought to cheat the dead and to rob their heirs of victory.

She won her hold upon her hearers because she helped them to feel re-established relations with those who were dead for their country. And she used that hold impassionedly as if she were Vision-led, to bring them up to a higher standard of service for France. Hers was a Voice that must be stilled so that those other voices might be heard which preached internationalism, disintegration, and chaos.

They paid her the compliment of not threatening her; they seemed to realize that their customary tactics would not only fail in her case but would heighten her zeal and her elo-

A WOMAN IN MOURNING

quence and make her that much more potent against their doctrines.

As knowledge of Jeanne-Marie went forth, there were many who sought to talk with her in private, to ask her direction in their particular cases. The rooms, up many stairs, on rue Bonaparte, were ill-suited to such conferences. But the weather was propitious for outdoor appointments, and Paris provides abundant places —knowing, as she does, that every true Parisian accepts walls as his background only when he cannot have open spaces, and ceilings as his roof only when he cannot have the sky.

At first, Jeanne-Marie shrank from leaving her stall for conferences. It seemed to her that there she was companioned and counselled as she might not be elsewhere. And also she had held tenaciously to the idea that whatever she did must be part of her regular work in the world and of that which her father had laid down. She was fearful that if she went afield to serve she might lose the most precious essence of that which she sought to pass on.

JEANNE-MARIE'S TRIUMPH

But, too, she could not resist the pleas of those who entreated private interviews with her. The time she could most readily give to them, and the time most persons desired them, was in the evenings. Then, Jeanne-Marie would walk with one seeking comfort, up rue Bonaparte to the little park in the angle of St. Germain-des-Prés, and sit there on a bench, in the shadow of the hoary Norman tower, looking out upon the thronged square from the bit of green sanctuary, all that's left of the vast abbey domains over which Kings, in bygone times, were proud to be the abbots. Or, she would cross the bridge and sit on a bench on the quais du Louvre, or in the square du Louvre, or in those parts of the Tuileries gardens left open after dark.

Notwithstanding all the thousands who had seen her at her stall and stopped to listen to her there, she was not too readily recognized when away from it; so that it was possible for her to sit in converse with one who sought her help without attracting the curious.

A WOMAN IN MOURNING

One day, when there was no one else about, there came to the stall a woman in deepest mourning, who begged an interview that night.

“My son,” she murmured, “my only son! If I could find him—as you say! My husband calls it folly—but my heart tells me it is truth.”

“It is truth,” Jeanne-Marie replied, simply, “if you do your part. Otherwise, it *is* folly to seek them.”

“If I only knew what ‘my part’ is!” the woman murmured, behind her shrouding, shielding crêpe.

It seemed strange to Jeanne-Marie that people could not figure this out for themselves. But it was evident that many couldn’t.

She agreed to meet this woman at nine that evening by the Gambetta monument. It was a hot night, and it seemed that every spot where persons could dispose themselves beneath the canopy of sky, was swarming—or at least too crowded for confidences of the sort this woman wished to make.

JEANNE-MARIE'S TRIUMPH

“Shall we drive?” she asked. “To the Bois, perhaps?”

Jeanne-Marie loved the Bois de Boulogne, and many times during that hot day (as on others) had thought longingly of its green fastnesses that seem always to be cool and moist and to make one feel as if feet set to that forest-smelling earth must needs draw new life therefrom.

“Oh, yes,” she assented eagerly.

So the woman, who said her name was Madame Vaurian, hailed a *fiacre* and asked the fat, rubicund driver if he would go to the Bois. After the usual stipulation about a generous tip, he consented.

Madame Vaurian was quiet, after they had settled themselves for the drive, and seemed engrossed with her reflections. Jeanne-Marie was grateful for that because she was weary and also because her thoughts were fixed upon the Arc de Triomphe looming magnificently ahead of them at the top of the long, sloping avenue with its thick borders of green. The

A WOMAN IN MOURNING

western sky, behind the Arc, was not yet quite dark; for it was near the summer solstice, and Paris time was an hour ahead of the sun's.

Jeanne-Marie's feeling about her father's resting-place had not wavered, but her determination to shut no one else out of a like conviction, or even a faint hope, grew stronger each day. And to fortify herself in this determination, she schooled herself to find companionship with her father elsewhere.

"Here, he belongs to the nation," she reflected; "I am far too humble to be kin with him here. Elsewhere, he is just my father."

Nevertheless, as their little vehicle passed the Arc, she half-rose in her seat, turning toward it wistfully.

Her companion seemed not to notice. And for this, too, Jeanne-Marie was grateful.

Presently they reached the Porte Dauphine, and entered the Bois.

Undirected, a taxi-driver will practically always turn to the left, at the bottom of the lower lake, and circle the two lakes, returning

JEANNE-MARIE'S TRIUMPH

to the Porte Dauphine by the route de Suresnes, as he left it. But Madame Vaurian ordered her driver to take the first turn, to the right, toward the long, straight Allée de Longchamps, much less frequented in the evening than the lake route, except by swift-moving autos dashing through the Bois as a thoroughfare.

The air in the Bois was fresh, sweet, and cooler by many degrees than the city; Jeanne-Marie breathed it almost greedily. Her companion, as if noting this, asked:

“ Shall we let this man go, and sit here a while? ”

The prudent Parisian shuns unfrequented sections of the Bois at night. But tonight it was early—scarce dark—and there were so many people abroad, at every turn, that it would have seemed absurd to be fearful. Jeanne-Marie appreciated the unwonted luxury of riding in the Bois; but also she was aware of her usual longing to feel her feet in contact with its earth—especially in those places where this park so marvellously preserves, almost in

A WOMAN IN MOURNING

the midst of a great city, the atmosphere of a virgin forest uninvaded by the frets of men. So she answered, "Let us sit here. There could not be a lovelier place to talk about—your boy."

Their driver grumbled at being dismissed, even with the extra fare allowed him by city law in such circumstances. But Madame Vaurian seemed not even to hear him. Immediately that he was gone, toward the Porte Maillot, the two women disappeared into the fragrant greenery beyond the bridle path. . . .

XVII

LUCIEN SEES—AT LAST!

J EANNE-MARIE was found before midnight, by a pair of lovers seeking solitude.

(Blood from a narrow knife wound near her heart was still flowing to augment the crimson pool in which she lay.) Their frightened cries brought help and presently, police aid. Jeanne-Marie was carried to the nearest emergency post; and there, as it happened, some one recognized her: "It's the girl from the quai Malaquais!"

After some discussion with the ambulance doctor as to whether the journey would lessen her slight chance for recovery, it was decided to take her to the Charity Hospital close by her home; so there, within those ancient walls, sanctified by so much suffering, Jeanne-Marie was tenderly laid down, about one in the morning—just a spark of life left in her, just a

LUCIEN SEES—AT LAST!

flutter of breath, but no consciousness of the world about her.

Her mother, when summoned, said she did not know with whom Jeanne-Marie had been, nor how she came to be in the lonely places of the Bois.

When the cab driver read of the crime, in his morning paper, he immediately reported to the police his dismissal in the Allée de Longchamps, and all that he knew of his passengers beginning with his having been hailed at the Gambetta monument.

The first theory held was that the woman in mourning had been unbalanced by grief and had done violence to Jeanne-Marie because she was unable to find the comfort for which she had been led to hope. But that was quickly dismissed; women deranged by bereavement are not wont to carry poinards, nor to know how to use them as the assailant of Jeanne-Marie had done. Perhaps an *apache* had attacked them—and the other woman had got away? But if she were blameless, she would,

JEANNE-MARIE'S TRIUMPH

when recovered from her fright, come forward and tell what she knew of the crime. She did not come.

There was practically only one hypothesis left: the girl from the quai Malaquais had been "silenced."

Among the earliest callers at the hospital and later at rue Bonaparte, were Papa Brunot and his wife. Partly they were actuated by real solicitude, and partly by a desire to learn if Lucien were under suspicion. They wished to testify with what horror Lucien had heard the news that morning when the first-astir of their Palais-Royal neighbors had come bursting in with it. Lucien had gone out, soon afterwards, and they had not seen him since. They were surprised to find that he had been to the hospital at an early hour, begging to know if Jeanne-Marie were still alive; if she were conscious; if there were a chance that she might be able to answer a few questions.

She was alive, but she was not conscious.

Lucien gulped down a great big sob; buffed

LUCIEN SEES—AT LAST!

his face roughly with his hand, as if trying to dispel a daze; and started almost at a run for the Préfecture of Police, where he encountered the cab-driver and heard the story of the woman in mourning.

This gave him no definite clew; but “I think I can find out,” he said.

They, too, thought he could.

“Probably not at once,” he explained; “not today—not tomorrow—maybe—but soon.”

This did *not* appear in the evening papers!

Lucien dropped back into haunts he had been keeping pretty clear of since his release from jail. He began renewing old acquaintances. He was “sore” he said, and was astounded that he had never recognized, before, their avidity for “soreness”; their purpose in rubbing every sore with that which would drive its smarting, crazed sufferer beyond all reason, beyond all caution, so that he might rush out, maddened, to overthrow and to wreck, and to make fat, easy pickings for the czars of an-

JEANNE-MARIE'S TRIUMPH

archy. He had all he could do—had Lucien, who was not clever, but who was terribly in earnest for perhaps the first time in his life—to keep “them” from realizing that he was “wearing glasses” now—seeing clear. But he had a lot to atone for! A lot indeed!

That Jeanne-Marie would ever know about it, seemed more than doubtful—unless, of course, it were true that those who go on know which among those left behind are trying to keep up, to do their utmost, to be worthy. But Lucien's eyes were open, now, and his heart was functioning.

As directed by the police, he never again went to the hospital, and did not permit it to be suspected that he resented the crime against Jeanne-Marie. Even his parents could not be trusted with knowledge of his attitude, his undertaking; they would have been sure to trumpet it, for his vindication.

Public interest in the case was considerable, but not great. Jeanne-Marie hovered on the narrowest borderland, day after day; nominally

LUCIEN SEES—AT LAST!

on the hither side because of feeble heart beats and other body functions—mentally quite on the other side, walking elate in shining company.

Madame Landrillon kept the stall open; there was nothing she could do for Jeanne-Marie, and visitors were as well entertained on the quai as up in the small rooms atop rue Bonaparte. Moreover, business was brisk, and Madame Landrillon was a practical woman—she had need to be.

At length there came a day, when, briefly, Jeanne-Marie seemed to draw back from Beyond and to grope for something familiar in her surroundings. Happily, Blanche was there. Otherwise Jeanne-Marie might have given up the effort to re-establish herself. She did not speak; there was nothing in her surroundings, as her eyes opened on them, to tell her where she was. Blanche might have “come over” too! But when she drifted off again, she left behind a ray of hope no less sustaining because it was indefinable.

JEANNE-MARIE'S TRIUMPH

Other days, she came back again, as if trying to make up her mind if she would stay.

"It is," the surgeon told the sister who was her nurse, "not a case for us alone; she must work with us, or we cannot do anything. And to me she seems like one who has a very strong pull from the other side."

He questioned Blanche as to this. Of Jeanne-Marie's story he knew the outstanding features, of course; but he wanted an opinion from some one very near to her, as to whether the intensity of Jeanne-Marie's pre-occupation with things of another world had weakened all her ties with this. And Blanche could not be sure that there was anything in what we call life which could be expected to outweigh with Jeanne-Marie her interest in those who have gone on. He had not seen a great deal of the other Landrillons, but he doubted if there was between any of them and his patient a bond sufficiently strong to make her cling passionately to life for their sakes.

"She has no lover?" he asked.

LUCIEN SEES—AT LAST!

Blanche shook her head.

“ She had, but——”

“ He, too, is dead? ”

“ No, but they—parted.”

“ Do you think she loves him yet? ”

Blanche’s eyes flashed.

“ I don’t see how she can! But I’m afraid she does—in a way.”

“ In what way? ”

“ I’ve heard her say it was not because she lost him, but because he has lost himself.”

“ Meaning—”

Blanche explained.

“ Ah, then he couldn’t help us,—unless—”

“ Unless what? ”

“ Unless he has found himself. Would you know, if he had? ”

“ No. But I’ll try to find out.”

Old neighbors from the Palais-Royal were not lacking about the stall on the quai; but certainly none of them had reported any striking change in Lucien. And they had all commented freely on the possibility of its having

JEANNE-MARIE'S TRIUMPH

been one of Diedrich's adherents who had avenged the death they were sure had overtaken him in the Cherche-Midi, or at Vincennes. If Lucien had expressed any horror over this supposition, no one had reported it on the quai Malaquais.

Still, Blanche went over to the Galerie Montpensier and thereabouts, to learn if anything had been overlooked which might have been reported about Lucien. Nothing she heard there gave her any ground for hope. The general belief seemed to be that Lucien Brunot had slipped back into his more-than-dubious associations, from which he had seemed somewhat weaned after his release from jail.

“At least,” Blanche reflected, heart-brokenly, as she retraced her way across the pont du Carrousel, “she won’t have to know that—not *here*, at any rate.”

She had not gone to see the Brunots, because her heart was full of bitterness against them; but there were others in the Palais-Royal arcades to whom she had confided what the doctor

LUCIEN SEES—AT LAST!

said about Jeanne-Marie. And through them it speedily reached the Brunots—including Lucien.

Papa Brunot and Madame, his wife, looked at their son, daring to say with their eyes what they would not, or could not, frame with their lips.

There could be no doubt that he was suffering; he looked like a man in mortal agony. But to their inquiring glances, which also were frankly entreating, he shook his head.

“I—can’t,” was all he said.

But he went to the *Préfecture* and asked what he might do.

XVIII

JEANNE-MARIE LIVES ON

“ **Y**OU have no clew, yet?”
“ Not yet.”

Well, for that matter, neither had they. Women in mourning are too terribly numerous in Paris, to make it an easy matter to trace one coming out of the Bois after dark on a hot summer night. And Jeanne-Marie in her brief moments of consciousness had been able to tell them nothing that might solve the problem of Madame Vaurian’s identity.

“ Can’t you find out whether it was done to avenge Diedrich?”

“ I don’t think it was.”

Their own spies were of the same opinion.

“ It was done to silence her?”

He nodded.

“ And as a warning to others?”

“ Yes.”

JEANNE-MARIE LIVES ON

“ But no one boasts of it? ”

“ They boast—many of them—of its having been done; but they name no names.”

“ Are they always so careful? Or don’t they know? ”

“ I think they do not know.”

“ Who does know? ”

“ I believe the woman was sent here for that purpose, and has gone again.”

“ Sent from where? ”

Lucien shrugged.

“ I do not know; but from somewhere beyond the Rhine. They are very careful to keep all those connections masked from us who are French.”

“ Some of you must know them for what they are.”

“ Perhaps; but those who do know would be most careful that the rest of us should not find them out. So long as we think we are all Frenchmen together, planning a better government for our country—that is one thing. Let anyone suspect that the enemy is rousing us

JEANNE-MARIE'S TRIUMPH

against our country—and that is another thing; yes, quite another! They are smart—they know!"

"How do French people of—that sort, feel about the crime against this girl?"

"They feel that she was 'reactionary'; that she was working upon people's superstitions to make them submissive, to blind them to their material interests."

"They don't suspect from what quarter the attack upon this girl came?"

"If any of them do, they have not admitted it to me."

His evident sincerity was not their sole reason for believing him; their own detectives and the government's secret service agents had come to practically the same conclusion.

"What is it, then, that you want to do?"

"I want to see her. You told me not to go there——"

"We will see that you go there, unobserved" . . .

There was a screen about Jeanne-Marie's

JEANNE-MARIE LIVES ON

cot; Sister Angelique pulled it partly aside to admit Lucien, then withdrew.

He stood, for some moments, gazing down at the so-white face of Jeanne-Marie and at her waxen-looking hands lying terribly inert upon the counterpane.

There was a small chair beside the bed; but Lucien knelt—awkwardly—and buried his head in his arms.

He had seen a great deal of death in its most frightful forms, and had learned to take it almost for granted. Men blown to atoms for their country; men strangled and horrifyingly mangled for their country; men suffocated and burned so that “they shall not pass.” Women desecrated and slashed, because they were French. Children mutilated, because they were the hope of France. Hideous! But that was war! This? God, what *was* this?

When he could make himself do it, he touched one of the waxen hands. It was not cold. He clutched it.

As if the impassioned pressure had reached

JEANNE-MARIE'S TRIUMPH

her, where she was, Jeanne-Marie opened her eyes—for a second only.

“ Jeannine! ” he cried, in anguished entreaty.

She smiled, wanly.

“ Lucien! Where are you? ”

“ Here! ”

He kissed her mouth, passionately—a lover’s kiss so warm she could not mistake it for a dream; not even there in the border-land. He could feel her feeble fingers tighten on his hand as if to hold him.

No more, that time. But Lucien, by special order, stayed at the hospital almost continuously; and was admitted to the enclosure about her cot many times a day and occasionally in those still watches of the night when so much of earth’s hum is hushed that the spaces between here and heaven seem clearer for coming and going thoughts.

Gradually, without any too-great shock, Jeanne-Marie seemed to become aware that Lucien, in the flesh, and full of love, was there beside her. She did not—perhaps could not—

JEANNE-MARIE LIVES ON

realize more for quite a while. But it was, evidently, enough.

She would lie, holding tight to his hand as to an anchor that would keep her from drifting out to sea. At intervals, her eyes would open, rest on him, smile, and close again.

But the surgeon was satisfied.

“She will stay,” he said. . . .

It was a long time before she was able to hear Lucien’s avowal; his explanation of the change in him, his hopes for a future shared with her. But she seemed content with what she divined. Perhaps it was more fully the truth than he would have known how to state it.

So the summer waned.

But, long before its passing, the hospital was thrown into a flutter one day by the visit of a marshal of France calling on the “girl from the quai Malaquais.”

“I have news for you,” he told her. “We have made her acquaintance—your Madame Vaurian.”

JEANNE-MARIE'S TRIUMPH

“ She is of the enemy? ” Jeanne-Marie cried.

“ She was! ”

“ Ah! ”

“ And that is not all.”

“ No! ”

“ Your Lucien! You know? ”

“ He tells me he is doing what he can.”

“ It is a great deal, and makes a big impression. You have suffered much, my child, but you have won much through it.”

Her eyes filled with tears.

“ It is nothing,” she murmured, “ compared with what *they* suffered—the *least* of them; and their victory seems so insecure! ”

He bowed his head for a moment; as if he, too, had times when this dreadful doubt assailed him. Then he raised his face, and it was shining with that transfiguration which had made every man under him fight as for the Lord of Hosts.

“ It is not insecure,” he said, speaking as one who has had an affirmation beyond all question, “ but we shall not enter into its joys till we,

JEANNE-MARIE LIVES ON

each one of us, have done as they did: Our Utmost. It has been revealed to you, my child, more clearly than to any one else I have ever talked with. I thank God that he has left you here. You can do more for victory than we can. You must do it. You will do it. And Lucien will help you, I believe."

Oh, yes! And I must not forget to say that almost literally upon their knees, Papa Brunot and Madame, his wife, begged Jeanne-Marie to let Lucien help her.

So, on a Spring day still recent as I write, there was a civil marriage in the Mairie in rue Bonaparte, and a religious ceremony in St. Germain-des-Prés, and afterwards a gay wedding party at St. Cloud.

Then Jeanne-Marie went back to live in the Galerie Montpensier, where Lucien helps his father in the shop.

But every day Jeanne-Marie is at her stall, selling her books and prints of old Paris and rallying faint hearts when they need it.

JEANNE-MARIE'S TRIUMPH

You must look for her there when you go to
Paris—just to your left as you leave the pont
du Carrousel.

Printed in United States of America

१

२

